

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

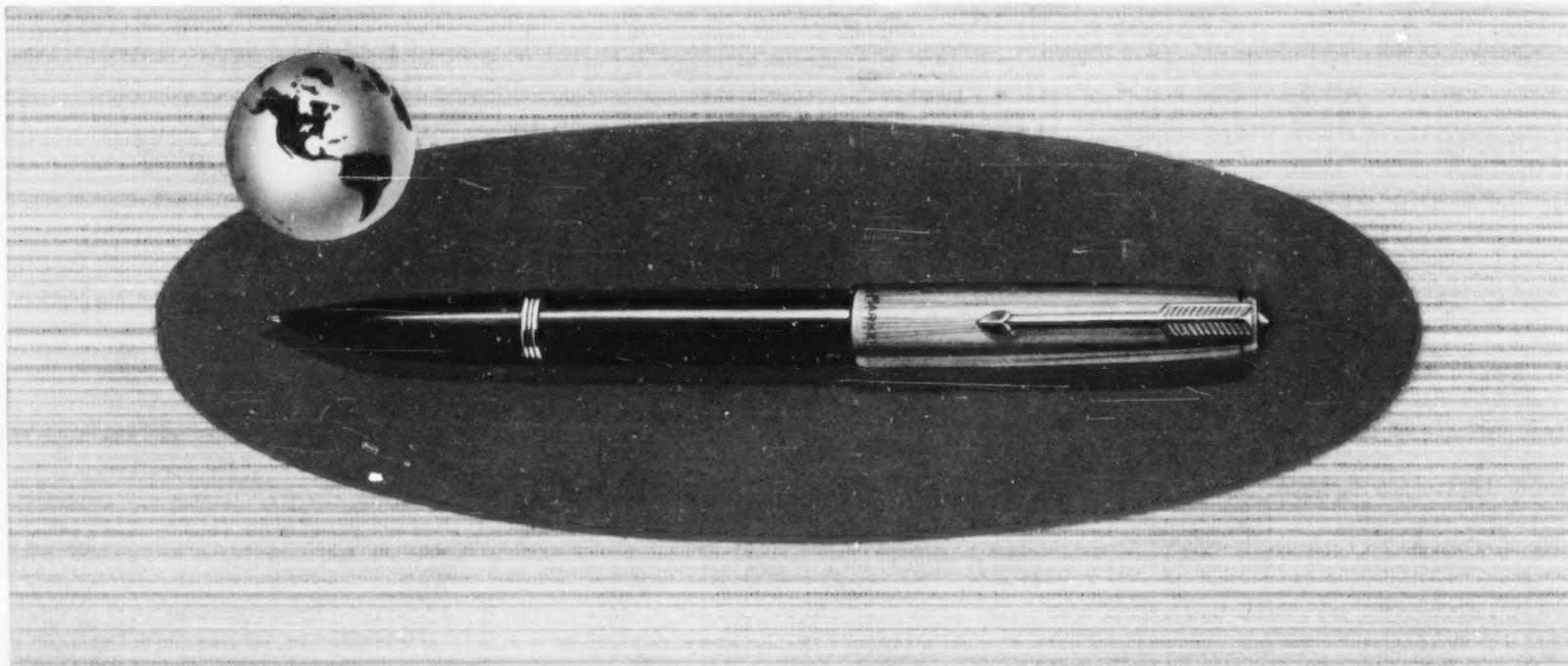
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903
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Considering the alternatives available, the answer to that question should not be difficult.

In Louis St. Laurent Canada has found not only a great national leader but the most typical Canadian in its public life.

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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 D. M. Battersby Art Editor
 N. O. Bonisteel Photo Editor
 N. Roy Perry Business Manager
 Hall Linton Advertising Manager
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EDITORIALS

Halifax — a Milepost Of Our Democracy

TWO HUNDRED years ago last March an advertisement appeared in the London Gazette offering grants of land—50 acres for ordinary folk, up to 600 for officers above the rank of captain—in the province of Nova Scotia. The purpose was to establish a military base on the great harbor of Chebucto, an offset to the French fortress of Louisburg which the Yankees had lately captured, but which His Majesty George II had handed back to France.

Settlers were to receive free rations for a year, free tools, arms and "all the liberties, privileges and immunities enjoyed by His Majesty's subjects" in a colony.

Three thousand men, women and children accepted the offer. They set out in May, 1749, cramming 13 transports and several store vessels; they reached the fine, deep harbor that was their destination on June 21. The new town was named for the First Lord of Trade and Plantations, the Earl of Halifax.

Unfortunately the notices had not been posted soon enough in England to recruit the sturdy farm folk who would have done best in a raw new land. Most of the applicants were Londoners who liked the idea of free rations.

Thomas Raddall, whose admirable history of "Halifax, Warden of the North," was published last year, describes what followed:

"The Captain-General (Col. Edward Cornwallis) ordered the settlers to work at once, and soon discovered what sort of subject had answered His Majesty's advertisement in the Gazette. The ragtag and bobtail of London had stepped straight out of Hogarth's prints into the wilds of Chebucto, where they interpreted the 'liberties, privileges and immunities'

promised in the Gazette to mean liberty to do what they liked, the privilege of subsistence on His Majesty, and immunity from anything resembling hard work." Cornwallis could find only 300 able, willing workers among the 3,000 people.

Within 10 years, ironically enough, the primary reason for the founding of Halifax had vanished. Louisburg was recaptured, this time for good. France ceased to be a threat to British North America. But another two decades and Halifax proved invaluable for an unexpected purpose—it became a British base in the American Revolutionary War and a major intake point for the thousands of refugee Loyalists who were driven out of the new American republic.

It's been proving invaluable in times of military crisis ever since.

But its great acts of leadership have been civil, not military.

This garrison town is the birthplace of that great Canadian invention, Responsible Government. When Joseph Howe was acquitted of the charge of libeling the magistrates of Halifax, in 1835, he took the first major step in getting rid of Family Compact rule. Thirteen years later Howe's battle was won—Sir John Harvey swore into office the first Responsible Government in colonial history, some months before Lord Elgin performed the same service for Upper and Lower Canada.

All summer Halifax will be celebrating its 200th birthday. To a city that has been first in many things, and that is still among the first in friendliness and hospitality, the rest of Canada wishes many happy returns.

Cops Don't Own the Law

IT WAS bad enough that a Montreal constable should detain 11 students because they were taking pictures outside Notre Dame Church, and because one of them was reading the New Republic. But the so-called explanation of the incident by J. Alfred Belanger, assistant police director, made it a good deal worse.

Belanger told the Montreal Gazette "the incident would not have arisen if Dwight Dolan, conductor of the photography class, had informed police he was taking a group of students on a picture-taking tour . . . Mr. Dolan's plans were unknown to the police, and this led to arouse the constable's suspicions."

What country does Assistant Chief Belanger think he's living in?

In Russia people have to get police permits to move around. In Canada, though, we've always understood that a free citizen could do as he liked, within the law.

"The matter was given careful study," Belanger further stated, "but no disciplinary action was taken since it was not deemed necessary."

If the chiefs of the Montreal police force don't believe that constable grossly and outrageously exceeded his authority, and if they don't deem it necessary to tell him so, it seems to us the whole force could do with a little disciplinary action. Starting at the top.



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FIRST AID

for Summer Emergencies

Last year more than a million people were injured by accidents in Canada — an average of one every 30 seconds. There were undoubtedly many more minor accidents which were never reported.

Many types of injuries occur most frequently in summer. Knowing First Aid, including what to do until the doctor comes, may prevent complications and save someone's life. To help you meet such emergencies, cut out the chart below and place it in your First Aid kit. In case of a serious accident, however, it is always wise to call a doctor at once.

INJURY	FIRST AID TREATMENT
	Cuts, scratches, or any small wounds Clean the wound with mild soap and water and apply antiseptic. When dry, cover with sterile dressing.
	Minor burns To relieve pain, apply burn ointment or petroleum jelly, and cover with sterile dressing.
	Sunburn Treat like any minor burn. If sunburn is severe, call a doctor.
	Sunstroke Lay patient on his back in cool, shady place, apply ice bag or cold cloths to head. Do not give stimulants.
	Drowning or when breathing stops Start artificial respiration immediately. Keep victim warm. Send for a doctor.
	Sprained joints Keep injured joint raised and apply cold cloths or ice packs for several hours.
	Strained muscles Rest the affected muscle. Apply mild heat if needed to relieve pain. If pain persists, call a doctor.
	Ivy, Oak, and Sumac poisoning Wash with soap and water immediately after exposure. If redness and blisters appear, apply calamine lotion or use compresses soaked in cold baking soda or epsom salts.

If you would like to learn some of the more important First Aid techniques, ask your local branch of the St. John Ambulance Association about their First Aid classes. In addition, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet which describes methods of handling many injuries. To get a copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

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In the Editors' Confidence

WHEN Eva-Lis Wuorio was in Holland recently attending the Utrecht Trade Fair as a guest of the Netherlands Government she asked one of the officials, casually, if it would be possible to see Queen Juliana whom she had known in Ottawa during the war. Miss Wuorio supposed, however, this would be difficult to arrange. Her hosts agreed it would be difficult. In fact the Queen had not given a press interview since her coronation a year ago.

The next day Miss Wuorio was invited to the palace. It was simpler than getting an appointment with a tycoon (j.g.), said Miss Wuorio. The result: "Coffee With a Queen" on pages 12 and 13.

When we asked Miss Wuorio for her reactions to Holland she wrote from Amsterdam:

"From my room at Hotel L'Europe I can see the 500-year-old Mint Tower where dulcet bells chime sweetly each quarter of an hour and pigeons fling themselves at the crevices in the old pale-red brick. Pigeons wing by my stone balcony and about the Tower Square under which three canals meet, and on which there's a flower market mad with color of spring flowers and wild with bicyclists bent on suicide, obviously. Sometimes a band goes by, and then, standing in the silver and grey sunlight of this windy day on my balcony, I can spit right on the bald top of a barge-man's head. If my aim is good.

"Soon, I'll go and do some work in Finland."

Miss Wuorio's story of her return to Finland will appear in the July 1 issue.

B. C.—Hobson's Choice

When we wrote Richmond Hobson, whose story "The Horse That Wouldn't Die" is on page 21, for some information about himself he replied: "Am writing this from our upper Nechoaco cow camp where we are putting the finishing

touches to a pack of wolves that have been working on our cattle. The Government wolf hunter will take this out in his jeep today."

The letter follows:

"My father was the late Rear Admiral Richmond P. Hobson, U.S.N., who sank the collier Merrimac in Santiago Harbor to block in the Spanish fleet during the Spanish American War.

"I was born in 1907 in Washington, D.C.; learned to ride horseback, shoot a rifle, and steal watermelons with my little Negro friends in Alabama; played hooky in California where I distinguished myself by receiving the lowest marks ever recorded in that state in the entrance examination for Annapolis . . .

"I spent a year in Texas and two years in Wyoming before coming to British Columbia in 1934 with top-hand cowpuncher Panhandle Phillips in search of a new cattle range.

"In 1944 I married a Canadian girl, took out my citizenship papers, and threw my rope down in a grassy valley only 35 miles south of Vanderhoof, B.C., for my money—the happiest, liveliest, friendliest town of them all."

Goblin Man

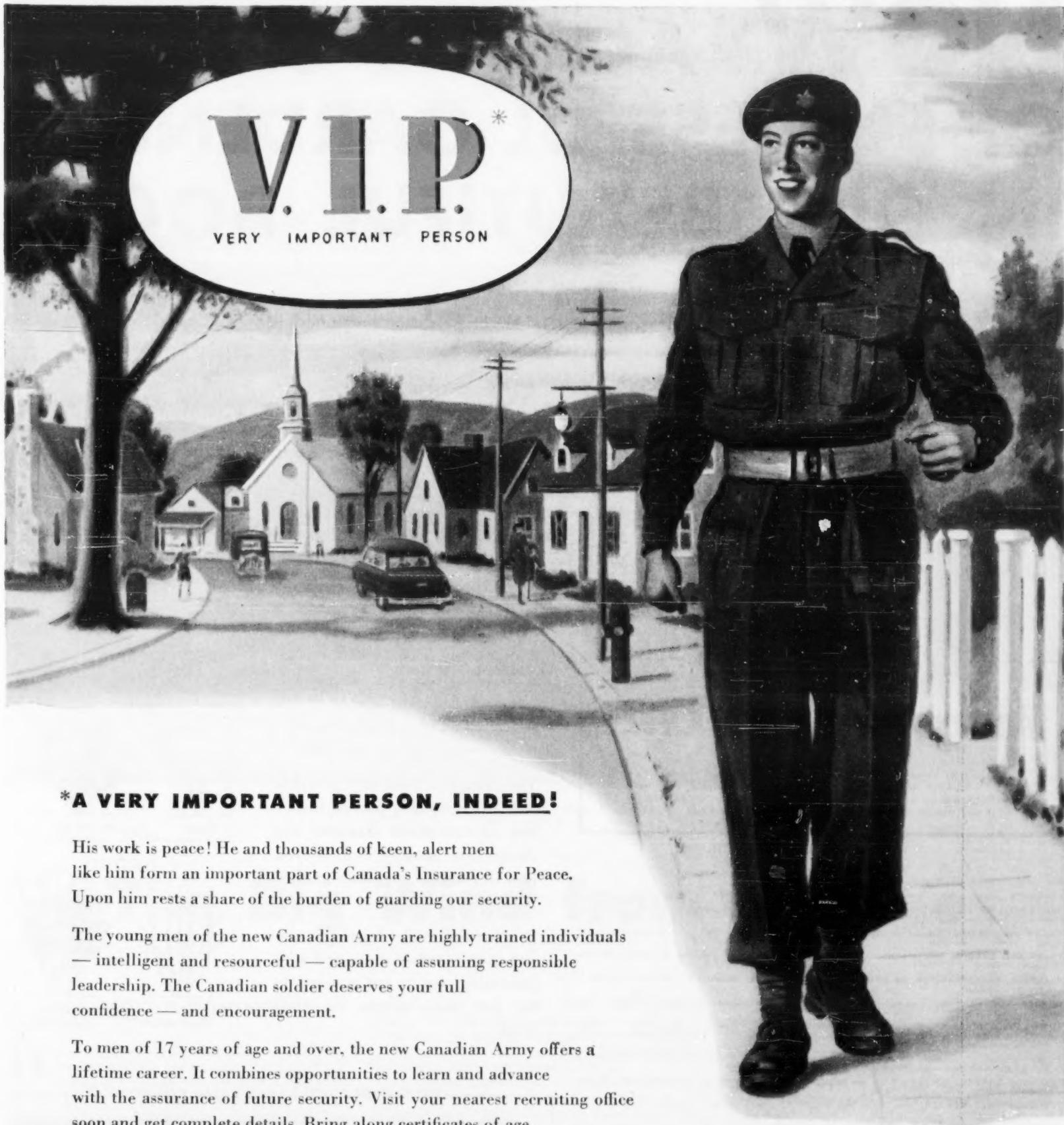
Back in the 20's when Toronto Bohemians carried the American Mercury in their hip pockets next to the flask of bathtub gin and regarded Mencken and Nathan as their gods, Joe McDougall helped to start a magazine called The Goblin. The magazine fell victim to a malaise current at that time and folded with a fine gay Canadian literary tradition deep down in its folds.

Mr. McDougall, whose short story, "The Dog That Could Climb Trees," is on pages 10 and 11 of this issue, later went to Montreal and into the advertising business where he still is.

A friend of his recalled the other day that Joe as a young man used to be mistaken for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



WILLIAM WINTER, who painted this month's timely cover, drew on the past and the immediate present for his material. To get the feeling of an election meeting he thought back to his boyhood in Manitoba when he used to go to them with his father. To get the types to show democracy in action he went right out on the street with his sketch pad and his professionally roving look.



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No. 3 Personnel Depot, The Citadel, Quebec, P.Q.

No. 4 Personnel Depot, 3530 Atwater Ave., Montreal, P.Q.

No. 5 Personnel Depot, King St. West, Kingston, Ont.

No. 11 Personnel Depot, 4th Avenue & Highbury St., Jericho, Vancouver, B.C.

Room 2218, "C" Bldg., Lisgar St., Ottawa, Ont.

No. 6 Personnel Depot, Chorley Park, Douglas Drive, Toronto, Ont.

No. 7 Personnel Depot, Wolseley Barracks, Elizabeth St., London, Ont.

No. 8 Personnel Depot, Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.

No. 9 Personnel Depot, National Defence Bldg., Winnipeg & 8th, Regina, Sask.

No. 10 Personnel Depot, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.

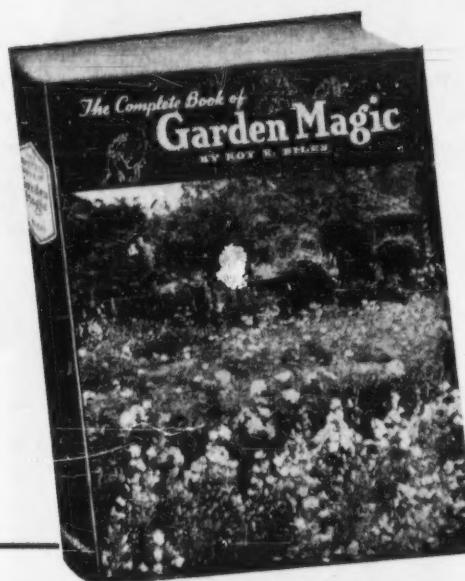
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TREES AND SHRUBS: How to plant . . . use of flowering fruit trees . . . best trees to plant . . . 15 lists of shrubs.
PLANTING, TRANSPLANTING and PRUNING: When to plant and transplant . . . best way to prune . . . root pruning . . . suckers.
HEDGES: Kinds of hedges . . . use of hedges . . . how to plant . . . propagation . . . shearing and shaping . . . 7 lists of hedges.
THE FLOWER GARDEN: Site arrangement . . . planting plans . . . preparation . . . how to stake . . . winter protection . . . perennial borders . . . edging . . . annual flower chart—color, height, blooming, season, etc.; what to plant for garden color . . . 39 lists of plants for the garden.
ROSES: Selection . . . location . . . soil . . . planting . . . pruning . . . control of diseases . . . mulching. 7 lists of today's best roses.
THE ROCK GARDEN: How to build . . . how to plant . . . the Wall Garden . . . proper drainage. 10 lists of plants for different types of rock gardens.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN: How to get high quality . . . good practices . . . perennial crops . . . crop rotation and protection . . . the vegetable garden plan . . . seasonal activities.

FRUITS and BERRIES: Building strong trees . . . pest control . . . fruits for the home garden . . . best fruits to grow.

PLANT DISEASES and PESTS: Methods of control . . . equipment . . . identifying the pests . . . preventive measures . . . seed disinfection . . . soil sterilization. And many other chapters, including PROPAGATION; BULBS, Corms and TUBERS; CONIFEROUS EVERGREENS; THE WATER GARDEN; EQUIPMENT; THE AMATEUR GREENHOUSE; HOUSE PLANTS; GARDEN CONSTRUCTION; GARDEN RECORDS, etc., etc.

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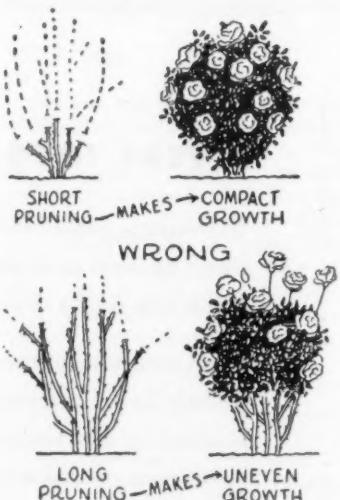
Written by a practical gardener in clear, simple language so that any beginner can use it and make rapid progress with his garden, it is indeed a ready reference library for the experienced gardener or the man whose hobby is gardening. You will find The Complete Book of GARDEN MAGIC will help you *enjoy* your gardening.

This is a big book — measures 8" x 10 3/4" — it is priced economically at only \$3.95 a copy postpaid. A limited number is now available on a no-risk, money back offer.

The Complete Book of GARDEN MAGIC is literally packed full of easy to understand diagrams and charts that actually SHOW you how to perform important gardening jobs.

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BOOK WITH CARE

To the British-hating publisher of the clamorous Chicago Tribune we are a nation of dupes. London issues the orders, he says, and we jump to obey



WIDE WORLD

Dubbed the "Duke of Chicago," Col. McCormick tells U. S. the King is a recruiting officer.

The Big Wind from Chicago

By HAROLD DINGMAN

DID you know that as Canadians you have no freedoms which your Government is sworn to respect? That you are still subservient to the British? That the Canadian Embassy in Washington is a fountainhead of anti-American propaganda? That Canada "hums" with talk of joining the United States?

Did you know that British officials inspire Canadian newspapers to attack the United States? That Canadian newspapers consistently reflect the news of the British Colonial Office and "ape" the British Press?

Such assertions about Canada are chanted in an almost endless hymn by the roaring raucous voice of the Chicago Tribune, which defiantly proclaims itself the "world's greatest newspaper."

The owner, editor and publisher of the Tribune is Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, who is variously regarded in Chicago and elsewhere as (1) a madman, (2) a genius, and (3) an incredibly vain egocentric who rules his vast publishing

empire almost as a feudal baron. The "Duke of Chicago" he was dubbed years ago.

His rank of colonel is a genuine military one, dating back to World War I when McCormick saw action with American troops in France.

A notorious Anglophobe, McCormick is the most quarrelsome and controversial publisher in the newspaper world today; but when I met him in New York (his home is in Chicago where he owns a town house and also a huge farm estate about 40 miles out) there was neither arrogance nor belligerence in his manner, as I had been warned there might be.

"Canada has never done anything I consider objectionable," he told me with what seemed to be lofty deliberation. His subsequent comments were more revealing of the man and his mind.

The Colonel (his employees, friends and enemies all call him simply "the Colonel") is a tall, big-framed man with thinning white hair. His light-blue eyes, which other writers describe as "icy," were mild and unchallenging behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. But although his manner was not arrogant—it verged from the friendly to the indifferent—his words, when set down on paper,

were the same challenging quarrelsome words which characterize his newspaper.

The Tribune is 102 years old this year, but instead of becoming stolid, quiet and conservative as most properties do when they reach an advanced age it is still a paper of tremendous vigor reaching out to half the world for heads to pummel. And the Colonel, at 69, is still its driving force.

The Tribune's shouts are not confined to Chicago or the five-state area (Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan) it calls "Chicagoland" and which it dominates, or tries to dominate, circulation-wise. It has its own news services which it sells to 20-odd big dailies throughout the U. S. with a combined circulation of $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

The Tribune's voice is heard around the world. In Washington foreign diplomats (including Canadians) read it regularly and send reports home. At the moment the Tribune is in the bad books of the Dutch, the French, the Italians, the Russians (of course) and many other nations.

The Tribune's million-a-day readers, and possibly millions of others on the Chicago Tribune Press Service circuit, have *Continued on page 52*



Candidate James pours coffee after a Liberal meeting at Orono, near Bowmanville.

Candidate Stephenson (right) gets some advice from Major Foote, V.C., Tory M.P.P.



ELECTION

By **BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

How (and why) do people get into politics? Here is the inside story of a hard, clean battle now near its climax

CHARLIE STEPHENSON was off on a hunting trip when the convention was called, in October 1944, to choose a Progressive Conservative candidate for Durham County, Ontario. He got home at six o'clock one evening with a week's growth of beard on his chin, to find a delegation waiting in his front parlor.

"Hurry and get cleaned up," they told him. "The convention's at 8.30, and we want you to stand for nomination."

Until that moment Stephenson had no idea of entering politics. He had been mayor of Port Hope for two terms beginning in 1943, but that wasn't a matter of party politics. He was a member of the Progressive Conservative Association but had never held office. Lending a few cars on election day (he owned a garage) had been about the limit of his activity.

Stephenson had two hours to think it over while he shaved and dressed. His wife didn't like the idea (few wives do, and with excellent reason), but she wanted him to make his own choice. He finally agreed to go to the convention anyway, let his name stand, and see what happened. Now, after one term of four years as a backbencher M.P., he is running for re-election.

That's how one man got into politics. This is the story of what happened to him and to his Liberal opponent in the present campaign, young Johnny James of Bowmanville; to their mutual rival of the CCF; to the hundreds of people on each side for whom politics will be a full-time job on election day and has been a spare-time job for the whole campaign.

It costs each party anywhere from \$3,000 to \$15,000, sometimes more, to run an election in one Canadian riding. It takes a complex and subtle organization which, like an iceberg, is about 10% visible and 90% under cover. Nine out of 10 voters, even those who take a keen interest in public affairs, vote all their lives without knowing what, exactly, a political organization does; where it gets its money; who turns out to work for it, or why.

Two Parties Evenly Matched

I SPENT a week in Durham during the campaign, looking for answers to those questions. I learned more about politics in those seven days than in seven years at Ottawa.

Every riding has a character of its own, but Durham is as nearly typical as any. Over half of it is rural, a beautiful stretch of farmland along Lake Ontario. The urban half is two small towns

N CAMPAIGN

—Port Hope, population 7,000, half a dozen medium-sized industries; Bowmanville, population 5,000, a market town with one big factory.

Both are pretty little towns, quiet and tree-shaded, with children playing safely in the side streets. Port Hope has a daily newspaper that must be the smallest in Canada. Bowmanville's Canadian Statesman has won several awards as the best country weekly in Canada. Despite this competition, three Durham villages have weeklies of their own.

Durham constituency has been mainly Conservative since its creation in 1903—went Liberal only twice in 11 elections—but it was formed of two older ridings, one traditionally Conservative and one Liberal.

That may be why the normal majority for either party is small in Durham County. In 1945 Charlie Stephenson won for the Progressive Conservatives by only 476 out of 13,405 votes cast.

Stephenson is 50, a small greying man with a diffident manner—not at all the back-slapping extrovert we think of as the typical politician. In Ottawa he is not an outstanding figure where he sits among the other Tory backbenchers. But so far as I could learn, everyone in Durham County who knows him likes him. The chief Liberal organizer said, "I don't think anybody here has anything against Charlie."

He came to Port Hope 25 years ago, borrowing money to put a garage on the town's busiest corner. Selling cars all over Durham County, he got to know every corner of it. He's a past president of Rotary and the Board of Trade, chaired the Victory Loan campaign, used to be soloist in the United Church choir, is Grand Steward of the Masonic Order and is a World War I veteran. These activities began long before he thought of politics, but they're all part of a good politician's background.

Johnny James, the Liberal candidate, has a similar record of community activity. With his uncle, George James, he owns the Bowmanville Statesman, and got to

Continued on page 58

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL



CCFer Kenny (right) works in his hotel room.



Harvey Osborne, left, stops work to talk things over with Charlie Stephenson.

(Below) Barber Frank Pethick listens to Liberal James talk about his newspaper.



The Dog That Could Climb Trees

Sam was fussy about Mollie. She took a fancy to his tree-climbing Soompherbag. Trouble was the dog climbed a tree that wasn't there

ILLUSTRATED BY W. WINTER

By JOSEPH EASTON McDougall

IT WAS while I was covering the floods that I was stranded for a couple of days in Mapleton, Alberta, and that was where I learned about Sam Seever.

Two of the boys had been sent up farther north and the paper had arranged for me to be picked up by the plane on its return trip. Meanwhile there was nothing to do in Mapleton but hang around the hotel.

I had tried going for walks in the vague hope that I might pick up some local color, but nobody I ran into wanted to talk about anything but the floods. I had already telephoned in more on that subject than anyone on the outside would be willing to read unless he was dying of thirst. I did see an old codger with a scraggly mustache, sitting in front of a shack down the road, who wouldn't talk floods. He squatted in a broken chair on an unpainted porch, gazing up sadly into the branches of a budding cottonwood. And he didn't want to talk about anything at all. I shouted, "Good day," as I passed. But he didn't even nod.

BACK at the hotel I eased into a leather chair that was bursting through in places, and tried to go to sleep. But the old fellow on the porch back there kept returning to my mind. Now that I thought it over there had been something impressive about him, sitting there so calmly while everyone else in town was trying to keep his flood excitement alive.



On second thoughts, I considered, perhaps he wasn't just staring idly into space. There had been a rapt air about him that made me think, oddly enough, of a yogi, or at the least of a man whose innermost thoughts were dark and remote. I was inclined to put it down to lack of sleep on my part, and I tried to forget him.

But the silent man would not leave my mind, and when I heard the proprietor of the hotel shuffling into the lobby I waited until he had gone through the inevitable comments on the water level and then asked him about his rapt fellow citizen down the street.

The proprietor looked at me for a moment as though I had enquired what town I was in. Then he sat down across from me, searched his vest pocket to find a single cigar, bit off the end and lit it. He drew a long draught.

"Why," he said in a gentle voice, almost in a tone of reverence, "that's Sam Seever."

I must have looked disappointingly unimpressed. "He's the man who brought electricity to Mapleton," said the proprietor.

"He does a lot of looking into space," I said.

"You might, too, if you'd suffered the loss that Sam did," said the proprietor.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I didn't know."

"He lost his dog."

"That's hard to take," I agreed. "I lost a dog once and I know how it feels."

"Maybe," said the proprietor, "but you didn't lose a dog like Sam's."

The sun was beginning to slant across the room, and the dust floating in a beam of light seemed to have a hypnotic effect upon me as I heard the proprietor's next words.

"Sam's dog could climb trees."

I took a good look at the proprietor's face. His cheeks were becoming flabby, but he retained the tan and vigorously creased mask of a man of the open country, a man to whom facts were facts.

"Yes," he said, almost to himself, "Sam's dog, Dingbat, could climb any tree that grew."

He seemed to feel that he had said enough. He rose and made his way ponderously over to his little office. But as he reached the door he turned.

"And one that didn't grow," he said. "That was the trouble."

AS I watched the proprietor at his roll-top desk behind a cracked glass display case I began to feel that the commonplace flood story was not the only one to be found in Mapleton. The glass case was empty; I had an inspiration. I slipped up to my room and got what was left of a box of cigars out of my suitcase. I counted them; there were eleven left. They were of the kind I bestowed only upon mayors, reeves and police sergeants. I slid the open box across to the proprietor.

"You may be cut off for quite a while yet," I said. "Maybe you could smoke these till the siege is lifted."

We sat down again in the sad leather chairs.

SAM SEEVER," he said, "is a wood chopper. That is, he used to be 'way back before all this happened. Sam never used to go out in the bush to the camps. That was because he never had any use for company, not human company, that is. Sam just used to chop near the town and bring kindling in and sell it from house to house. Naturally he never made much money that way, but he kept himself in flour and bacon, and he never had to

pay any rent on the shack he lived in down there by the lake. In the summer he fished some, mostly to feed himself, but sometimes he'd sell a little. I guess you'd say he was pretty contented that way, though he never smiled, and hardly ever spoke to anybody. That is, he didn't until a while after he got this dog.

"Nobody ever knew by rights where Dingbat come from. Sam never told anybody, but the story is he was out chopping 'way back by Old Baldy, and he found this puppy that had been left behind by some campers, lost most likely. Anyway, the dog took up with Sam and followed him into town, bouncing around after him, the way young dogs do, when Sam was making his rounds with the kindling.

"Of course most of the folks in town were surprised to see Sam with any kind of a companion, especially a dog that was as funny-looking as this one. Some of the boys began to kid Sam about it, asking him what kind of a dog it was and so on. Carney Haskell was quite a joker those days, and one day he came across Sam with the dog and he asked him the same question.

"'Looks like a trout hound t'me,' he says to Sam. 'He's got the nose for a real fish retriever.'

"Sam didn't say anything, just looked at Carney and then at the dog. But it must of given him an idea. Anyway, it come out later that Sam took the idea serious. One day, just before the season opened, Sam took the dog to the old dock that used to stick out into the lake just north of where the landing is now. People saw him pointing into the water and trying to make the dog notice the fish. Guess he figured the game warden couldn't pinch a dog for fishing out of season.

"Anyway, it seems Sam was just about getting the dog to jump in after a pickerel that swum out from under the dock when all of a sudden a squirrel started to chatter up a small sapling that was on the shore. Quick as a wink that dog left Sam, run up the dock, along the shore line to the sapling and up the tree, branch by branch, till it got to the top. Of course the squirrel was gone by that time but it was a close thing.

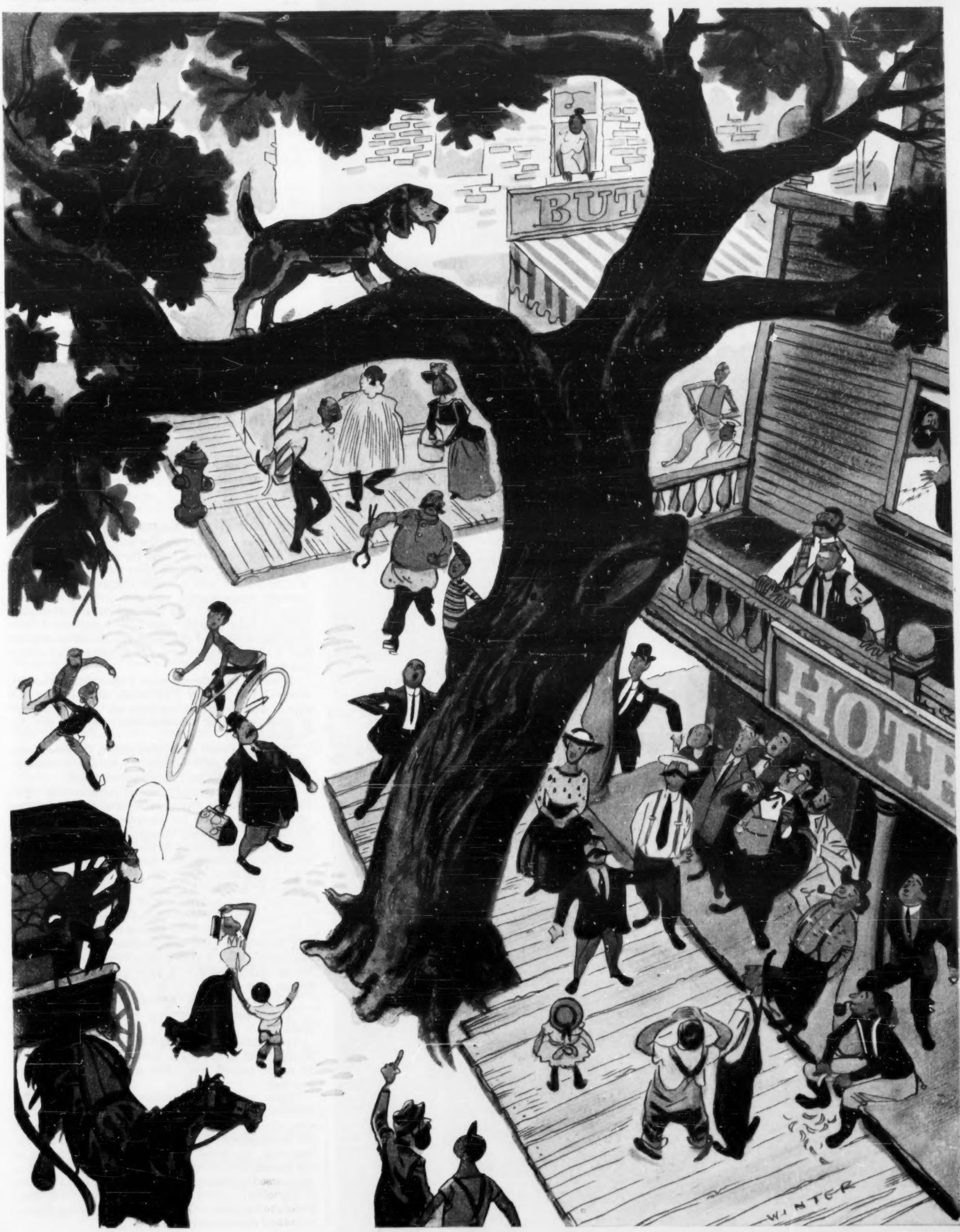
"Sam just stood there with his mouth open, thinking. When the dog come back to him he kind of smoothed down the hair on the top of its head and looked into its eyes for a long time. Next day he packed up enough food for about a week and set off into the woods with Dingbat. When he come back he was a changed man.

IF SAM had of known how things were going to turn out, he probably wouldn't of done what he done. But sometimes people stumble onto big things, inventions and the like, without knowing.

"That's the way it was in this case. Sam started to teach the dog to climb trees for squirrels, but he soon found out that Dingbat didn't really care a hang about squirrels. He just had this natural talent for climbing trees, and he'd do it just for the devilment of it, squirrel or not.

"I don't know how you'd explain it, but it did something to Sam. He seemed to realize the possibilities right from the start. The first sign of that was the day he come out of the woods. He walked down to the hotel, with the dog at his heels, and sat on the veranda. That was the old hotel and there used to be a porch. *Continued on page 26*

He lets out some of those victory barks.





Queen Juliana (once of Rockcliffe, Ont.) and Consort Bernhard.

COFFEE WITH A QUEEN

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

IT WAS at 541 Acadian Avenue, Rockcliffe, Ottawa, just before the war ended. It was a lovely day and I came through the bottom of the garden just about the time the young woman in a dirndl skirt and a white blouse ran down the veranda steps, waved, and then stopped to hush a baby in a carriage. I'd remembered it particularly because that was the last time I saw the Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands before she left her modest wartime home in Canada to return to her own country.

It would be different now, I thought, as the big, silver KLM Flying Dutchman came out of the clouds and the cold Canadian winter, to land into a summer-warm, blossom-laden spring day in Holland.

The canals were busy with traffic, the trees fresh green, and the yellow daffodil fields sharp lashes of brightness on the flat, canal-striped fields.

Here, a new Queen—a reigning monarch since Sept. 6, 1948—in her own ancient land . . . the whole thing would be completely different. In Canada she had been, though warmly welcome, an exile. Here she was at home with her family: The Princess Wilhelmina, her mother, Prince Bernhard von Lippe-Biesterfeld of the Netherlands, her husband, and her children, the little Princesses Beatrix, Irene, Margriet and Marijke. I was glad I'd brought a hat. I wondered about my curtsy.

It was at the hotel at Baarn, outside the capital city Amsterdam, that first mellow morning as I was registering, that a young man in grey slacks spoke to me offhandedly. "I hear you are to see our Queen," he said.

"I hope to," I said, "sometime while I am here." "It's tomorrow morning at 11," he said and went off.

There must come an engraved invitation with the many crests of the royal family, surely, I thought. It never turned up. But a taxi did, the next morning.

There are five magnificent royal palaces in Holland, the state Palace on the Dam, in Amsterdam; the ancient residence, Nordeinde, at the seat of the government, The Hague; the summer Palace Soestdijk, the royal family's favorite residence; a somewhat smaller summer palace Huis te Bos (House in the Woods) near The Hague; and Princess Wilhelmina's country place, the Palace Het Loo. Besides this there are a number of shooting boxes, villas and occasional residences.

We went to the Palace Soestdijk. It's on a main highway out of Amsterdam, set back beyond a vast green courtyard in a beechwood park. It's a huge, white, low house with curved wings giving it the look of a gigantic crescent moon with a thousand eyes. An unobtrusive iron railing fences off the footpath, the bicyclists' right-of-way and the road. My taxi went snappily by the one lone guard at the high gates and drew up at the right wing steps at the end of the wide, half-moon drive. I put on my gloves, took them off, pushed my hat farther back, and mounted the steps.

An elderly footman in blue, with big brass buttons and a cheery sort of face, flung the door open. He greeted me almost affectionately and led me at a brisk pace down a long curving hall, walled by windows facing the drive. In the little sitting room there was a half-finished portrait of the young Queen, painted with the pretty decorum of a court portraitist. I'd had barely time to look at this when my cheery chum was back.

With a bow he said: "Would mademoiselle prefer to wait in the garden?"

We raced down the long hall again, through a gracious simple room, and to a wide veranda and easy steps to the lawn. The sun was bright on the stately green-trunked trees. There was a pond with daffodil beds flanking it carelessly and wild ducks nattering at one another. Birds sang busily, but in Dutch, so I don't know what kind of birds they were.

A very tanned young woman and I raced at the last moment to keep a small child from tumbling into the pond. Three frisky Sealyhams assisted with barks and bounces.

The happy footman kept marching down toward the white garden chairs, couch and a table with an embroidered cloth on it, by the pond under the trees. The child skipped along with the eager, precarious step of the very young to investigate me. For a bit she kept a shy distance but the Sealyhams didn't.

The child began to skip and sing to herself. She had the sweet, little thin voice of a baby, extraordinarily true. She came and leaned against my knee, singing absently. The sun shone. The dogs barked. The grass had a spring tang.

A Bow from Juliana

AND THEN the small girl caught sight of something and started away, and as I turned to watch her a woman in a bright yellow dress ran out of the open doors, down the stairs, across the grass. The child, in her eagerness, fell. The woman stooped to help her, and waved to me.

So I got up and went to meet Juliana, the Queen of the Netherlands.

She is a tall, slender woman—thinner than she was in Canada. She came quickly, with a vitality and strength of movement that made you move forward more quickly too. When she smiles she is extremely lovely, her rather sombre face lighting up, her very blue eyes smiling too. When she reaches out, almost eagerly, to shake hands, she bends forward with a gracious little bow almost as though she were paying homage to you instead of you to her. Hatless, coatless, in the well-cut, bright yellow dress, the garnets in her ears sparkling, she ran forward across the green lawn.

"How is Canada? It feels a long time since, doesn't it? Will you have coffee? Shall we have it out here or do you think it's too cool?" It was the friendliest welcome you could have.

Though the day was unseasonably warm, the

little breeze was cool and Her Majesty the Queen picked up an old army blanket off the garden couch and wrapped it around her shoulders. Yet still the yellow daffodil banks behind her blended with her yellow dress.

She talked with her eyes and hands, as well as her mind. Her English is idiomatic, accentless, with a precise sense of the right word that allows for vivid pictures and much humor. She doesn't bother to talk off the surface of her mind; there is nothing stereotyped about her conversation.

The footman brought coffee, cookies, American cigarettes. The breeze rippled the lake, the wild ducks dove and nattered. Little Princess Marijke danced about, singing her sweet wordless songs. She's only two and a bit.

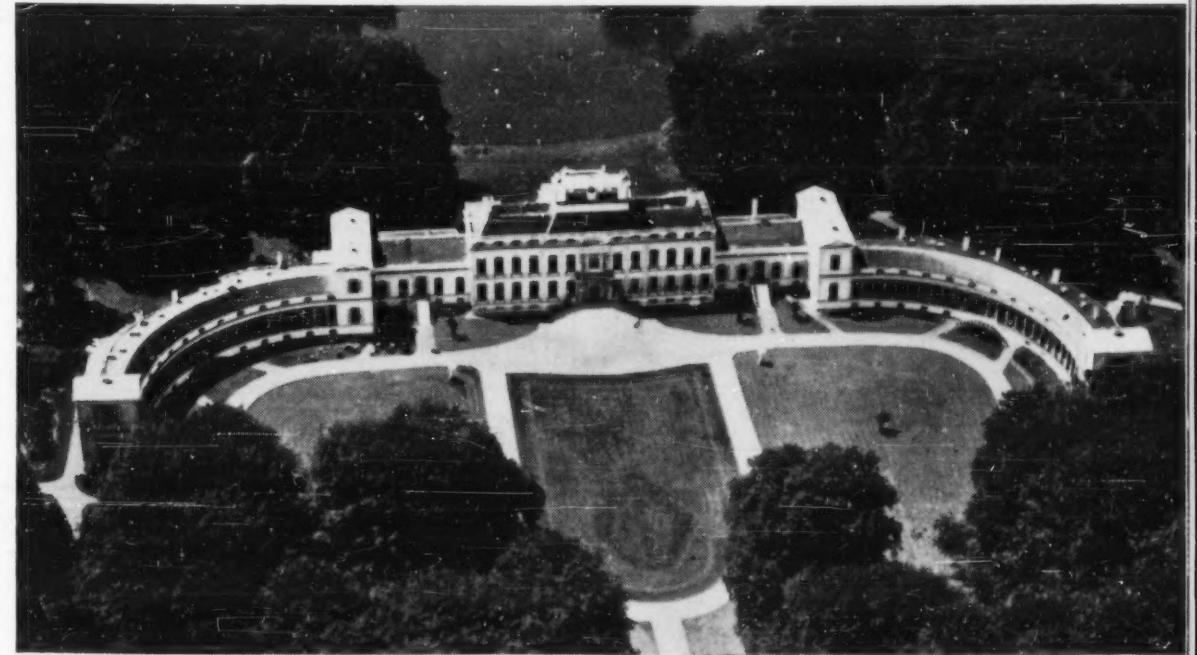
"We like to live here," the Queen said. "It's so

pleasant for the children and close to their school. You really ought to go to see their school. It's a remarkable experiment. The principal's Kaas Boake—Cornelis, really, Kaas is the short for it, all the children call him just Kaas. He started it all."

She turned to look back upon the white, half-moon palace, pulling the grey blanket closer about her. "We use this wing here, you see," she said. "Those big windows—the ones that don't match the other wing—we put it in, my husband and I. You push a button and the whole glass wall moves aside and the garden moves in. It's pleasant. Mother will perhaps say we've mucked up the architecture." She laughed.

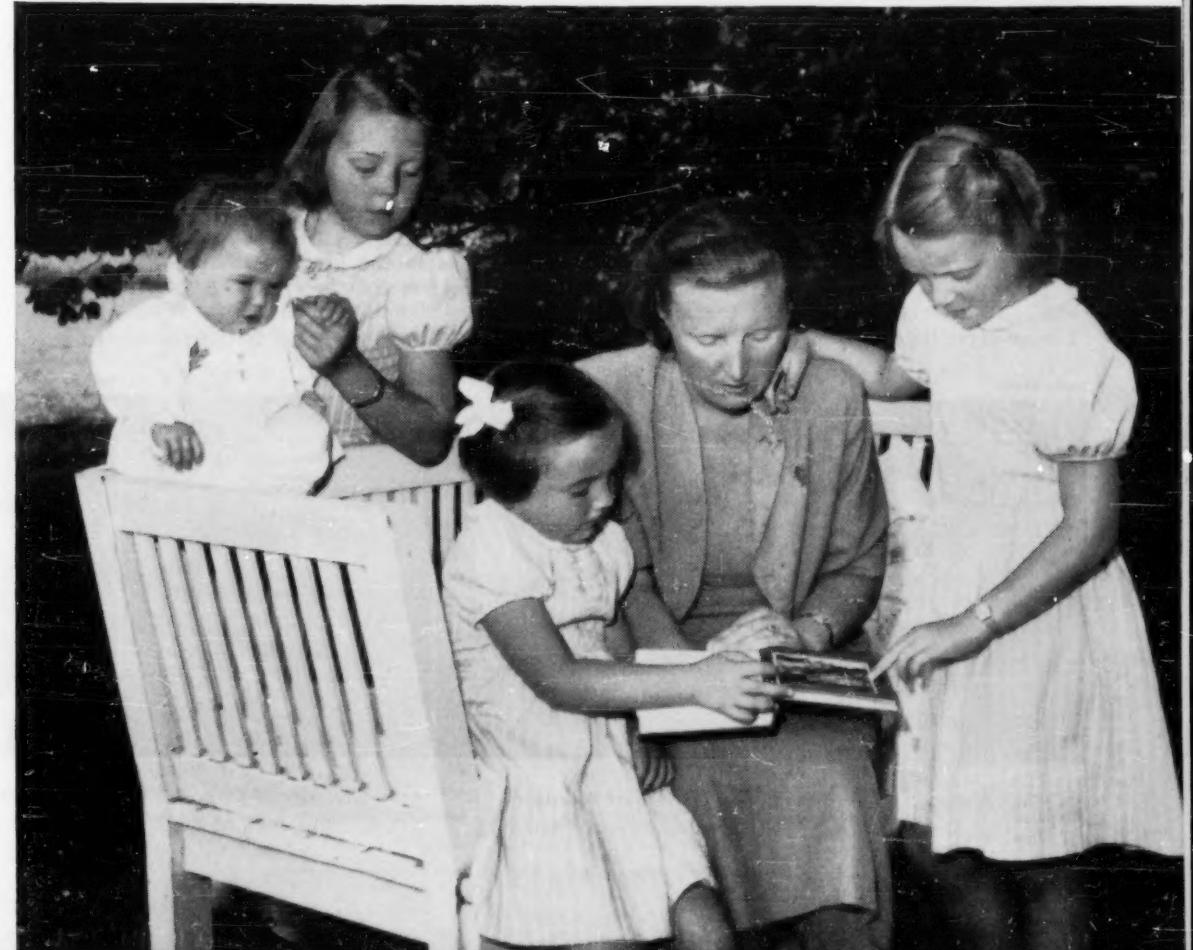
On the flagstoned veranda opening from the big friendly room a footman was setting a table for lunch, in the open. On a *Continued on page 54*

K.L.M. PHOTO

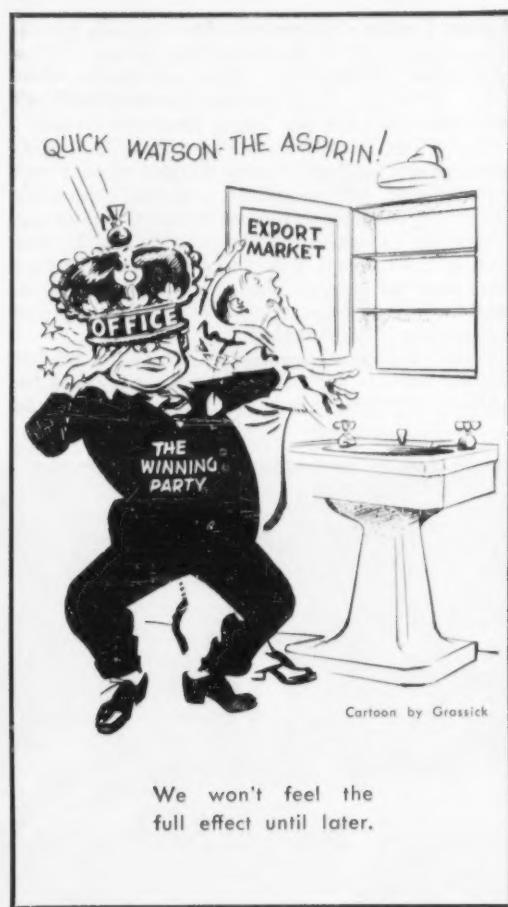


In the tree-sheltered garden behind the half-moon Soestdijk Palace (it's one of Holland's five royal residences) Eva-Lis Wuorio chatted with Queen Juliana. The Princesses (below) are lively happy children. From left: Marijke, Heir Presumptive Beatrix, Ottawa-born Margriet, Juliana and Irene.

MEYBOOM



The smiling woman in the yellow dress was Juliana, Queen of the Netherlands. "How's Canada?" she asked Eva-Lis in the palace garden



BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

To the Victors — a Headache

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

MIKE PEARSON, who at 52 is still a pretty good ball player, dropped around the other day to watch a preseason game in his constituency of Algoma East.

The team from Little Current, noting their M.P.'s wistful look, asked the Honorable Secretary of State for External Affairs if he'd like to go in as a pinch hitter. Mike accepted cheerfully, and knocked out a three-base hit.

Not to be outdone, the West Bay team invited him in the next inning to pinch-hit for them. But unhappily for his intentions of being completely impartial, this time the Minister struck out.

A CURIOUS political situation has developed in Canada's least-known federal riding, the Yukon.

This year, for the first time, voting rights have been extended not only to the Yukon district itself, but also to the Mackenzie River basin which



includes the gold-mining settlement of Yellowknife, the uranium mines around Great Bear Lake, and the rest of a vast area all the way north to Aklavik. This enormous region has been tacked on, for electoral purposes, to the old Yukon constituency.

On the map it looks logical enough, for the two regions are contiguous and the entire population is only about 18,000. But the principal towns are as far apart as Halifax and Toronto, with no direct communication between them. To get to Dawson City from Yellowknife you have to fly back to Edmonton and start northward again on the North West Staging Route.

Residents of the district are not much upset about this. They are a hardy lot of pioneers who are accustomed to achieving the impossible.

Early opinion among the anti-Socialist vote inclined toward choosing an independent candidate, rather than tying up with either old party. This for two reasons: the Northwest Territories have such intimate dealings with Ottawa that they'd like their M.P. to be

Continued on page 57

BEVERLEY BAXTER'S LONDON LETTER

Five Men of Destiny

MORE and more it becomes evident that there are five dominating figures at Westminster who hold the fate of Britain—and their own destinies—in their five pairs of hands.

Here are their names:

Winston Churchill
Anthony Eden
Stafford Cripps
Herbert Morrison
Aneurin Bevan

Two Conservatives and three Socialists. You will notice that there is neither a Communist nor a Liberal in the list, but the Communists are stillborn

and the Liberals are walking in their sleep while dreaming of glories that will never come again.

You will also notice that neither Prime Minister Clement Attlee nor Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin is among the finalists. The reason is that neither has the health to survive the grueling last rounds of the fight. Mr. Attlee's recovery from his sickness last summer has not been satisfactory and he will be 67 years of age when the next general election is fought. Undoubtedly he will lead the Socialists in the battle of the polls but no one imagines but that he will retire shortly afterward, having, like Mr. Mackenzie King, virtually nominated his successor.

Ernie Bevin will remain a power either in the Government or as a mighty trade union figure, but his heart is sadly tired. When a minister has to take tablets during the delivery of a speech it would be madness for him to try and increase his responsibilities.

You might wonder that I include Herbert Morrison in my men of destiny since it was only two years ago that he had to go away for several weeks with thrombosis. That was supposed to be the end of him as a dominating political figure, but he made an amazing recovery. Today, with inexhaustible energy, he combines the duties of Lord President of the Council, Leader of the House and party boss.

For years he and Bevin were sworn enemies, and even in the war their conduct toward each other was formal to the point of frigidity. But when Morrison took ill he was visited by Bevin who was about to leave for Moscow. "It was a deathbed reconciliation," said Morrison with a chuckle. "Neither of us thought the other was going to survive so we became friends."

Morrison does not conceal his deep and honorable ambition. He is

Continued on page 43



Anthony Eden
"Fights but never brawls."

Herbert Morrison
"Warm, cheerful humanity."

Sir Stafford Cripps
". . . like Joan of Arc."

Winston Churchill
"A glory and a headache."

Aneurin Bevan
"P.M. of the Extreme Left?"

IN 1922 an unknown Toronto newspaperman beat out a punch lead for a story about Canada's most controversial clergyman: "Rev. T. T. Shields is again on the warpath . . ."

It is a tribute to the inventiveness of his hometown Press that so apt an introduction has never been repeated during the nearly 40 battle-scarred years of Dr. Shields' ministry at Jarvis Street Baptist Church. For in that time he has gone on the warpath so often that in one newspaper morgue his press clippings now fill three bulging scrapbooks and spill over into a fourth.

T. T. has gone scalping after gamblers, card players, burlesque comedians, the United States of America and women. He has attacked beverage rooms ("trapdoors to hell"), bobbed hair ("The Lord never intended women to go to the barber") and athletics ("The Lord hath no pleasure in the legs of a man").

Laying about at his fellow believers (Dr. Shields might put the word in quotation marks) he has denounced Methodists, Anglicans, the United Church and the Oxford Group. More than any of these he has attacked the Roman Catholic Church—but he has lashed out at brother Baptists more relentlessly and more vehemently than at all other objects of his wrath combined.

The battling Baptist has by no means gone unscathed himself. While he has called the Pope "the anti-Christ" he has in turn been damned by equally angry Protestants as a "self-appointed bishop" and "the Pope of Jarvis Street." When he fought Mackenzie King on the conscription issue the then Prime Minister declared that he had "nothing but contempt" for Dr. Shields.

This was the campaign which set reporters pounding out copy slugged "Shields" in newspapers from coast to coast. The Toronto clergyman has never been purely a local figure—he has filled great churches from London, England, to New York and California with the spell of his thunderous voice—but his lusty blasts against the Roman Catholic Church over the conscription question brought him nation-wide fame and notoriety in his own land.

A Fiery Cross Was Burned

HOTELS and cities closed their doors to him. A stink bomb was hurled into one audience. He launched his own political party. Demands flooded to the Minister of Justice that his talks be banned and he himself interned. And thousands crowded to hear him wherever he spoke from Montreal to Victoria.

To English-speaking Canadians he was just one of many ardent warriors giving pro for con on the most heated political issue of the day. But in French Canada strident nationalists seized on T. T. Shields as a flaming symbol of the militant forces of destruction *les Anglais* were about to unleash upon Quebec at any fearful moment.

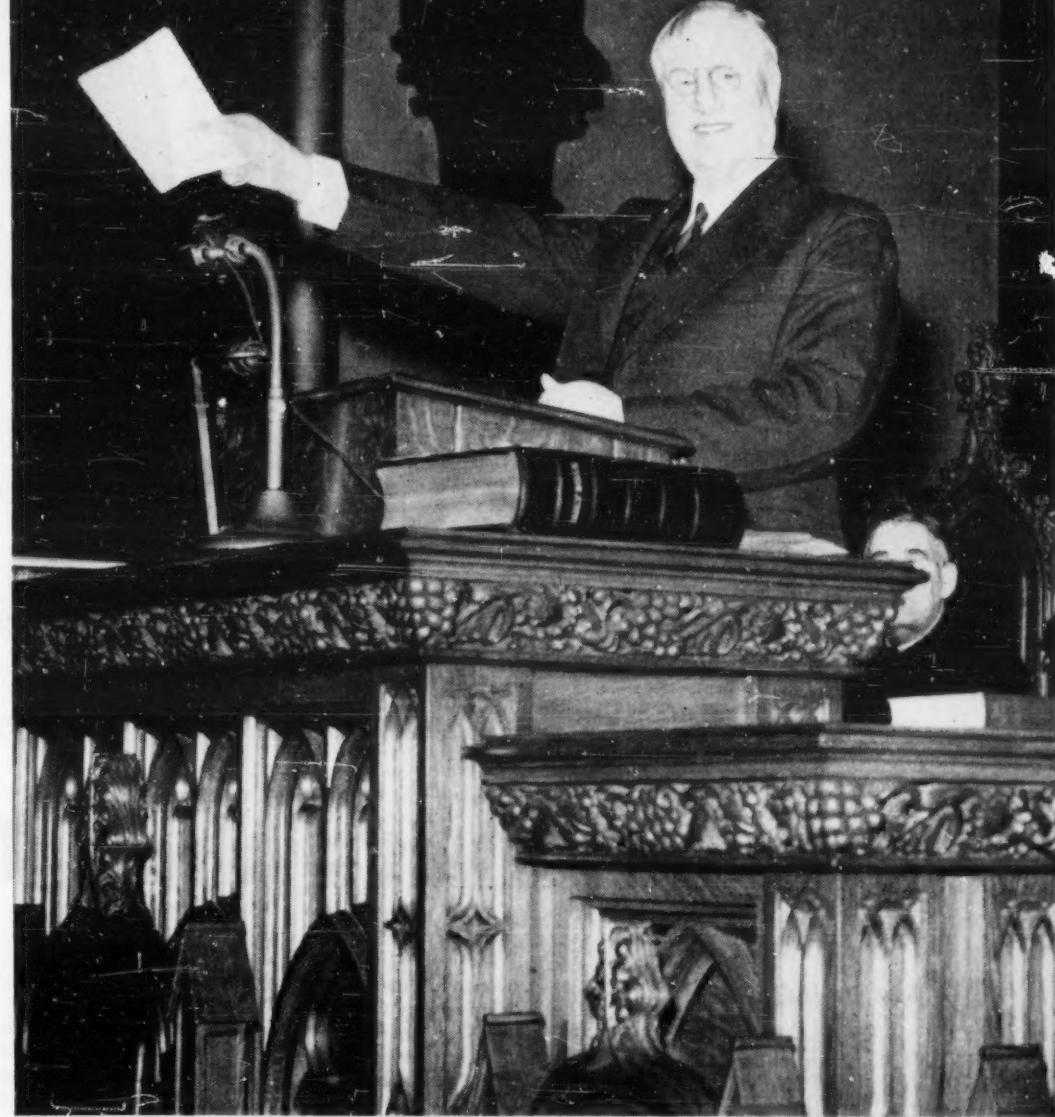
Over the years Dr. Shields has become accustomed to such epithets as "dictator," "hypocrite," "vain," "egotistical," "destructive" and, once, "a man without a Christian heart."

He was president of the Baptist Bible Union of North America in 1927 when it took over the Des Moines University in Iowa. After two years he touched off a bonfire when he accused seven faculty members (including the university president) of theologically "indiscreet utterances," suspended the whole staff, ordered the university closed temporarily. He was pursued by a mob of American students who pelted the building he was in with rotten eggs, then chased him up and down the corridors and into a closet where he hid for an hour.

After a fiery cross was burned as a suggestion he had home for Canada reporters found Dr. Shields hiding out in a hotel room some miles distant. He

The Battling Baptist

By GERALD ANGLIN



GLOBE AND MAIL

For 40 years from his Jarvis pulpit Dr. T. T. Shields has tilted a mighty lance at Romanism, modernism — and Baptists who won't agree

was registered under an assumed name and had the transom draped with newspapers.

The centre of all these spirited disturbances, 75-year-old Dr. Thomas Todhunter Shields has a huge head, powerful shoulders and prominent paunch mounted on a set of pillarlike legs. Standing feet apart, shoulders back, his slitted eyes staring haughtily and querulously down his arching nose, he is capable of defying a general uprising of the masses led by the Devil himself.

He can be genuinely charming and his commanding personality has won him hundreds of ardent supporters; but (say those who have differed with him) he cannot abide associates who disagree with him and won't give way. Typical of the mixed reaction he inspires in many people was that of a woman long in Baptist church work who once said, "He is a great man in many respects, but I

couldn't say what I really think of him. Christians shouldn't use that kind of language."

Dr. Shields has always thought of himself primarily as a preacher. He speaks fondly of his church as "the Jarvis Street pulpit" and is famed for the tremendous power of his voice. He has never been too keen on pastoral visiting or other semisocial duties; he does the major part of his job in the pulpit itself, in his study preparing for his next sermon, or working in the ample church offices on the affairs of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec (of which he is president) and editing his *Gospel Witness*. This is his own church paper which for 27 years has carried reports of his sermons and other articles to as many as 30,000 readers in 60 countries.

"Each week I preach, through the *Witness*, to an audience of missionaries *Continued on page 50*



ACME
Every other day, a demonstration. There's two Red brands, Moscow and Belgrade.



ACME
In Tito's territory, no soap. In Trieste, the luxuries of the West.

The City That's Afraid To Be Free

By ALAN MOOREHEAD

TRIESTE—On the cliffs above the place which used to be called in happier times than these the Lido San Nicolo is where the southern end of the Iron Curtain rests on the Mediterranean Sea. It's a very pretty scene on a sunny morning: over that side the Istrian coast of Yugoslavia, over here Trieste, now garrisoned by 10,000 British and American soldiers. The hills rise up, rugged and bare, and outwardly at least there is not much difference between the bleak farmyards on either side of the frontier.

Down below in the cold Adriatic the Italian liner *Rex* lies sinking in the seabed. Once she was one of the world's largest and most lavish ships; she was bombed in the war and now lies on her side just off the little seaside town of Capodistria. Each month she settles a little deeper into the water.

The actual iron curtain is a line of steel stakes spaced widely apart and painted that shade of off-mustard which is generally used by quarantine stations. From the seashore the line runs inland, apparently haphazardly, through the olive groves and you could easily miss it in the dark—no light thing since the Yugoslavs tend to pounce on trespassers and then it's a matter of a week or two in a cell before they let you go again. Recently the Yugoslavs warned that if motorists on our side of

the fence merely shine their headlights across the border they will be shot at.

Often there is a patrol of American or British soldiers lurking about in the bushes, peering into Yugoslavia and watching the movement of men and vehicles along the roads. Over on the other side, only a few yards away in the same olive grove, you can catch sight of Tito's men who are doing precisely the same thing except that they are looking this way, and very intently.

It gives you a queer sensation, rather like being a goldfish in a glass bowl. There they sit, month in and month out, like the soldiers in the old stories of the Irish rebellion—"gazin' at one another across the sights of their rifles." It's hardly the atmosphere which the diplomats could have had in mind back at the Paris peace conference in 1946 when they set up this free zone of Trieste where all men were to come and go as they pleased.

Yet in point of fact nothing really dramatic has happened here since that September evening 18 months ago when a Yugoslav officer arrived unannounced at the headquarters of the Anglo-American commander, Major-General Terence

Airey, and handed him a note written in the Serbo-Croat language. It was a warning from General Lehic, the Yugoslav commander, that he intended to occupy Trieste at midnight with 2,000 troops—and midnight was only an hour or two away. Some Yugoslavs actually did come up to an American post and ordered it to get out of the way. They gave a 15-minute ultimatum. When the time limit had expired and still the Americans did not move the Yugoslavs suddenly got tired of the whole thing and went away.

That was the crisis point. Since then neither the Italian elections, nor outside wars, nor the Berlin air lift, nor even the approach of the first Trieste elections, which are to be held this summer, have disturbed the somewhat brittle calm of the city. It coasts along in that hygienic atmosphere which is peculiar to garrison towns. But there is the vague feeling in the air that something can happen at any time. Local politics here are not a private affair. Nearly everybody seems to be involved. Trieste at this moment is in the interesting condition where the Americans and the British have got it, Tito

Continued on page 47

Trieste was UN's dream of a model free city. Moorehead, a famous war reporter, tells how the dream faded in the shadow of the Iron Curtain

TATTLERS' TALES

By JAMES DUGAN

Walter and the other gossips dwell in a weird "I wonder" land of tattle, prophecy and the doings of noted nobodies

ONCE upon a time some idle minds in New York City invented a mythical Philadelphia playboy called J. Kensington Van Tromp III and began calling up gossip columnists giving out items on him. The youngster was reported seen in night clubs with a dazzling succession of actual debutantes and real film actresses. In a few weeks the city editors, who read the columnists too, assigned reporters to write feature stories on him. The creators of J. Kensington Van Tromp III held an emergency council and saved the day by announcing that Van Tromp senior had packed the boy off to South America.

None of the columnists or the reporters or the editors was suspicious. None of the 100 million Americans who read the columns knew any better. None of the young ladies whose names had figured in Van Tromp's escapades murmured a word of reproof, and the business of syndicated newspaper gossip rolled merrily on.

The heart of this jest was that as far as the millions were concerned Van Tromp was just as real as the rest of the characters in U. S. newspaper gossip columns.

The column is the servant-girl art form in contemporary American literature. It gives vicarious thrills, laughter, tears and tickles to millions more than read 25-cent novels. It is the daily romance of valor and villainy, reduced to pill size and bandying the names of celebrities instead of Rupert of Hentzau, Elsie Dinsmore and Pat and Mike.

In U. S. newspapers gossip has editorials, essays and news beaten for reader interest. It jostles the comic strip itself. Some newspapers, such as the N. Y. Journal-American, strive to publish nothing but comics and columns.

The Power of Walter Winchell

THERE are many kinds of columnists. They range from political sachems like Walter Lippmann to the man who writes in the N. Y. Sun on "Antique English Silver Under Socialism." (It is having a bad time.)

But the high places and the big money belong to the hawkers of tattle about Broadway, Hollywood and Washington. They write three-dot whispers, judgments, prophecies, sneers, speculations, jokes, puffs and rumors about given names, known places and familiar things.

The king of the gossip kings is Walter Winchell, whose domain comprises the magical cities of New York, Washington, Hollywood and Miami Beach. Others engaged in New York peeping are Leonard Lyons, Louis Sobol, Danton Walker, Ed Sullivan, Dorothy Kilgallen and Earl Wilson. Hollywood is dominated by Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper and Sidney Skolsky. Drew Pearson rules Washington

ton. There are local paragraphers in other less favored cities.

Canada has to battle along somehow without this journalistic tattle, although Winchell and Wilson appear in an odd paper here and there. Al Palmer gossiped for a while in the Montreal Herald, and others have come and gone without rivaling the hen session as a medium of trivia. Winchell once appeared in the London (England) Daily Express; it carried a glossary translating him into English which ran longer than the column. The experiment lasted a month. The gossip column seems to be one U. S. product that is a drug on the export market.

Although the United States gossips earn their bread by blabbing secrets, there is one riddle you can't drag out of them with a red-hot typewriter: their exact circulation. Winchell is the most widely printed and is believed to have 175 papers; Wilson is next with 90; Lyons will say only that he has 12 million readers. "Readership" figures are found by multiplying actual circulation by five or six theoretical readers per copy. Miss (Aunt Lolly) Parsons proudly announces she appears in "952 newspapers."

Winchell has been called the most powerful man in America. His name does not appear in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the Columbia Encyclopaedia or Webster's Biographical Dictionary—a curious fate for a man who has become wealthy merchandising the names of the great and notorious. But he has the current largest radio audience of any American news broadcaster.

He enjoys almost a folk character: propagandists who want to start a whispering campaign say Winchell said so-and-so on the radio last night. Goebbels planted Nazi rumors among U. S. troops in Europe by attributing them to "Winchell on the radio." Nothing unbelievable could be attributed to Walter Winchell. His wild hunger for sensation leaves his faithful subjects ready to swallow anything.

Winchell out loud is seven dimensions larger than Winchell in type. He is listed in the World Almanac as an actor. His major dramatic effect is the old-fashioned Rudolph Rassendall sneer. Other than his sneer he has his gloat. His admirers say he could put menace into reading a menu, and an ear-shattering gloat of triumph into being served ham and eggs.

A few weeks ago Winchell said, "This will not be confirmed by anybody in Washington at this time, but anybody who denies it is a liar." (Winchell gets you into a box like this before he murmurs his confidences.) Then he said that the flying saucers were shot by Russia. A few days after Winchell's broadcast the U. S. Air Force officially stated: "To date there has been no tangible evidence which would support a theory that any incidents are attributable to a foreign nation."

Winchell is not popular with Congress. He was a partisan of F.D.R. and was briefly a navy officer in World War II, carrying out *Continued on page 41*



Walter Winchell tipped the millions that Russia launched the flying saucers. "Anyone who denies it is a liar."



Louella Parsons (to film starlets): "Stay out of night clubs and the columns." But she didn't include her own.

Leonard Lyons (below) had Toronto as Canada's capital.



PHOTO FROM ACME

Death Comes In Shining Armor

By BARRY PEROWNE

PROFESSOR HENRY BOW sat in his dusty jeep, parked on a rock-strewn riverside track somewhere near Carcassonne, rolled a cigarette and watched with grey, meditative eyes the rings that appeared on the water as trout rose.

Temptingly, there was no house in sight.

Henry lighted his cigarette. He was so tall that his grey-flannelled knees stuck up bonily on each side of the wheel. He wore a disreputable fishing hat, a leather jacket, an old khaki shirt with a black tie. Among the gear in the back of the jeep was the trout rod without which he seldom traveled.

The river sang contentedly over a fall upstream. Twice in quick succession sounded the splash of a hasty trout. It was too much for Henry. He twisted around to rummage out his rod—and an unexpected sight stayed his guilty hand.

Two people were watching him from a hump-backed, grey stone bridge a score of yards downstream—a woman and a little girl. They were above his level, and against the background of trees, hill ridges, clouded sky, the shirts they wore made two patches of gypsy color. They had the same dark, shining hair, the little girl's in pigtails, the woman's neatly braided about her head. They had, too, the same berry-brown, clear skin and dark eyes, the child's face round with the roundness of eight years old, the woman's fine-drawn, beautiful.

Henry Bow withdrew his hand from his fishing rod as though it had glowed suddenly incandescent. He lifted his hat.

Above the ringing of the waterfall the child's clear voice said, "C'est un jeep, maman."

"Oui, Colette."

Hand in hand they walked down the slope of the bridge and came along the track toward Henry with the evident intention of speaking to him.

He got out and stood waiting.

She said, "I notice you have a rod in your car, monsieur—and the trout are rising."

"It's no doubt private water, madame," said Professor Bow virtuously.

But her smile showed that she had divined his unscholarly intentions. It was a smile that brought great charm to a face which in repose had a haunting sadness. She was about thirty, several years younger than Henry.

"It's our water," she said. "You are very welcome to fish. And you needn't be afraid that our coming will have put the trout down. There's seldom a rod on the river here."

"I'm most grateful," Henry said.

Colette held out a twig to which clung a minute lizard, yellow and black, as gay and dainty as a woman's brooch. "This is my protector, the Chevalier Bayard," she told Henry.

"Without fear and without reproach," Henry said. "Well met, Chevalier!"

Colette looked pleased. She glanced up at her mother. "Can I stay and watch monsieur fish?"

"Anglers don't, as a rule, like an audience, Colette," her mother said, and she smiled at Henry as they turned away. "Good sport, monsieur."

"Thank you," Henry said.

Standing by the jeep he watched them as they

went back together over the hump-backed old bridge. Strange, he thought, that there should be in the eyes of a woman so beautiful an expression so lost and poignant—

He shrugged, put on his hat, glanced at the river. The trout still were feeding; their rings widened over the water. He began hastily to joint up his rod, in the angler's usual panic that the rise might cease before he was ready.

ONCE casting, dropping his fly far and delicately upstream, Henry had time to reflect, with half his mind, on the coincidence of the mention this afternoon of the Chevalier Bayard. For out of this tawny and fabled country around the castled city of Carcassonne there had come long ago another chevalier, the Chevalier D'Arzac, who had been friend, comrade in arms and rival in might and honor of the Great Captain. And the Chevalier D'Arzac was the reason Henry was here. D'Arzac was the subject of a biography which Henry was writing as a distraction from more serious work.

Sources on D'Arzac were scant. His story interested Henry. It was out of character. D'Arzac had been caught red-handed, standing armed in his bedchamber in the Castle of Carcassonne, the husband of a woman he loved dead and unarmed at his feet. The squire who had made the discovery

had slammed and bolted the door on both and summoned the guard.

The child Colette's mention of Bayard, Henry told himself, was a good omen for his mission. Meantime, the trout were taking his fly as though they never had seen such a thing before.

He had half a dozen nice fish in his creel, and was bringing another neatly to the net, when a harsh, sudden voice demanded, "Who gave you permission to fish here?"

Henry glanced up at the bridge. A man in a black suit and a beret, with a market basket on his arm, stood there staring belligerently. He came striding down along the stony bank as Henry, without haste, unhooked and creelied his fish.

"I asked you a question!"

"Yes," said Henry mildly. He dried his hands, and resting his rod against his shoulder took out his tobacco and papers, glancing thoughtfully from the man's thick chest to his pugnacious leathery face and jet hard eyes. "I was given permission," Henry said, "by a lady who came past just now with a little girl."

The man's hostility abated a shade. "That's different," he said.

Henry offered the cigarette he had just rolled. "I'd like to know," he said, "the name of the lady to whom I'm indebted?"



The man hesitated for a moment, then took the cigarette and flicked the gummed edge along his tongue tip. "The lady you saw is Madame Hélène Roger, of Ferme Javelle," he said. "My name is Trante. I work for her." He smiled grimly as he held a lighter for Henry, then dipped his own cigarette to the flame. "It is like Madame to give a stranger permission to fish," he said. "You wouldn't have got it from Monsieur."

"In that case," Henry said, "perhaps I'd better move on?"

"Don't vex yourself," said Trante. "He left for Paris this morning. We don't see much of him—a couple of days now and then. If Madame says you may fish, you may fish." His eyes softened. "Voilà la petite!"

Across the river Colette's bright shirt had reappeared, a patch of color between two of the tall poplars. Carrying her twig she ran along the opposite bank and vanished among tumbled rocks up near the waterfall.

Henry opened his creel. "Will you take these in your basket, Trante, with my compliments and

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

thanks to Madame Roger? My name is Bow. Tell Colette the small one there is for Bayard, if the Chevalier has a taste for fish. I wouldn't know."

The dour Trante actually chuckled. "Good luck, monsieur."

But as he trudged away over the bridge, he took the luck with him. Henry tried a couple of long casts without success, and was reeling in for a final try when, above the deepening murmur of the fall, a clatter of falling stones, a child's frightened cry and a sudden splash stopped him dead.

HE HAD forgotten Colette. He dropped his rod and ran with his long, stooping stride along the bank. Accidents to children scared him stiff, and there were some dreadful pictures in his mind as he clambered up the rock outcrop, overhung with trees, alongside the ledge of the waterfall.

Above the fall the water ran smoothly and fairly fast, twilit under tree branches. He saw her at once, standing up to her armpits in the water, clutching her right wrist with her left hand and looking up at him with large eyes shocked to solemnity, her teeth chattering.

Relief flowed into Henry, mingled with a tingling consciousness of the height of the banks here, of how much worse it might have been. "Parbleu," he said, "here's a fine thing, Colette!" He scrambled down, lowered himself into the chill water and waded waist-deep across to her.

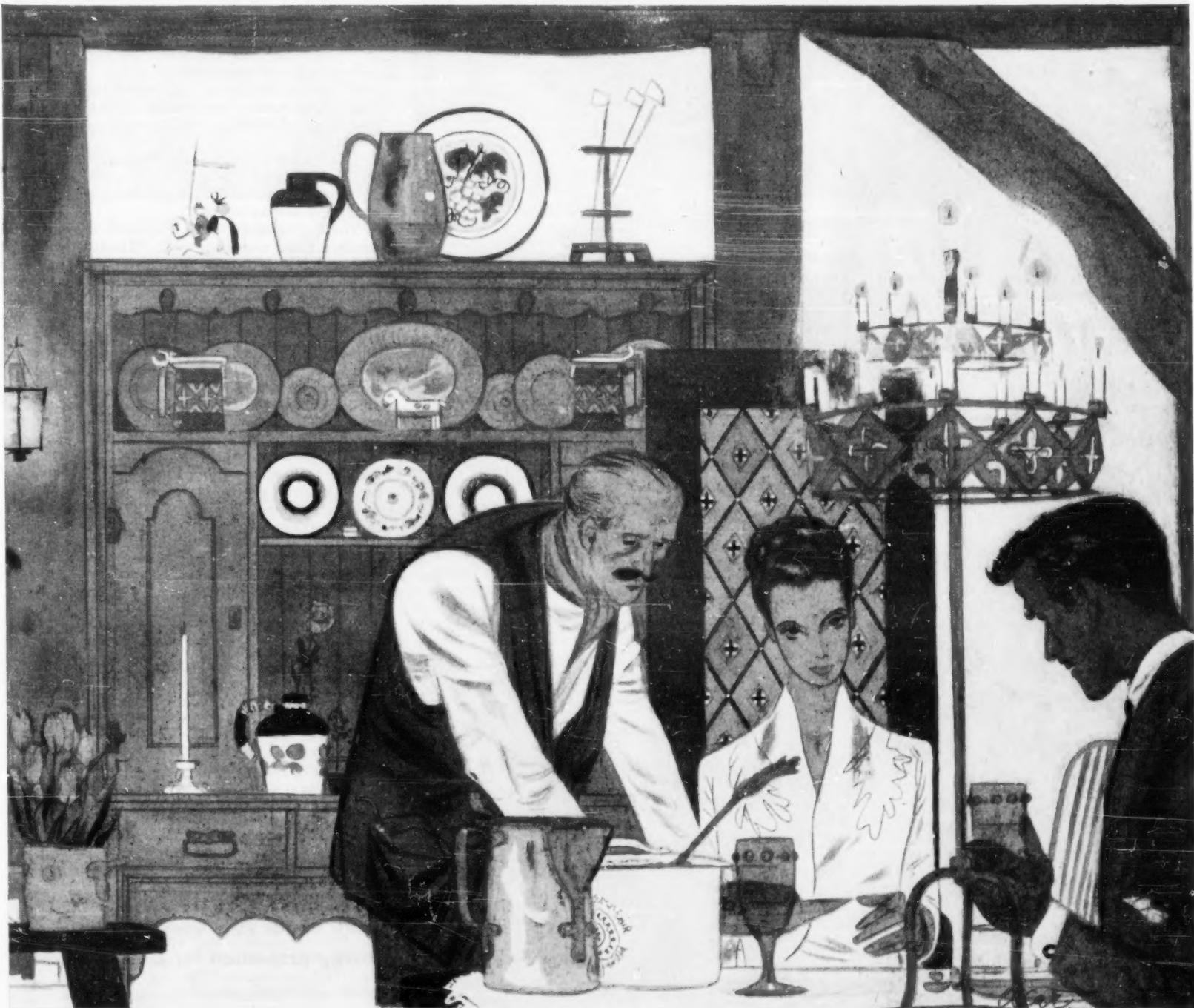
Colette caught her breath. "It was B-B-Bayard," she shuddered. "He j-jumped, all of a s-s-sudden. I t-tried to s-s-snatch him and f-f-f—"

Henry lifted her up, and she put a wet arm round his neck. "He'll hunt around the rocks, Colette," he said. "You'll find him tomorrow when there's more light."

He clambered up the bank with her, carried her to the jeep, sat her on the seat, wrapped his leather jacket around her. She was clutching her wrist again, and gently

Continued on page 30

This young professor left dusty archives on the trail of death centuries old. He found a lady in distress and murder that was not ancient at all





Glamour Can Be Hard On Your Eyes

By FRED BODSWORTH

AN AMERICAN tourist complained to a Canadian eye specialist last summer that burning eyes and headaches had turned his vacation into an inquisition.

"I've been driving steadily for five days," he said, "so I guess it must be eyestrain. I've been wearing sunglasses all the time, but they don't seem to help much."

The doctor examined the glasses: "How much did these cost you?"

"Twenty-nine cents. I got them at a hotdog stand the day we started."

The doctor dropped the glasses to the floor and crushed them under his foot. "It isn't driving or the sun that's straining your eyes," he said, "it's these glasses. Get a good pair, or don't wear any at all."

About 40 million Canadians and Americans this summer will buy sunglasses. They will pay from 10 cents to \$25 per pair, spend in all something a little over \$20 millions. Ostensibly the colored specs will be bought for eye comfort and protection; actually most will be worn by fashion's decree, or to hide the crow's-feet that have stubbornly resisted prayers, blasphemy, creams and massage.

Eye specialists state that few will provide the safe protection expected of them. Some say they do little or no good and also no harm. Some are more critical and claim that badly made sunglasses can cause temporary injury if worn for long periods.

The RCAF recognizes that pilots need protection against sun glare, and it recognizes too that pilots need to be protected against using harmful sunglasses. There is a strict order that pilots, while flying service aircraft, wear only sunglasses officially issued.

The Associate Committee on Aviation Medical Research, a wartime branch of the National Research Council of Canada, fine-combed the Canadian sunglasses market for a suitable type during the war. Only two types were found that met RCAF requirements.

In the U. S. sunglasses standards were defined by law in 1939, but these standards are so loose that the U. S. is still flooded *Continued on page 44*

**Sunglasses in lace and lacquers
follow fashion's fads, but do you
care about your eyes? Don't throw
away protection for a fancy frame**



The last roundup's over for Nimpo (rancher Hobson up) and Stuyve. They chew their memories in the home grass.

THE HORSE THAT WOULDN'T DIE

The ugly little cayuse from Sugarloaf fought man and nature till a cowhand won his heart

By RICHMOND P. HOBSON, JR.

NIMPO is a little black range horse with a noticeably dished face. The irregular splash of white that spreads from his wide nostrils almost to his foretop could possibly be called a blaze. His narrow pinched-up body is just as ugly as his face. A good horseman might notice that his eyes have a strange glint in them, unlike those of other horses, but he would never guess that this nondescript 20-year-old black cayuse is a famous, almost legendary, figure on this Canadian frontier.

Along the trails and around the campfires of northern British Columbia's last cattle range, wherever ranchers and cowhands meet and the inevitable horse talk begins, someone is sure to tell a new one about Nimpo—the cayuse with the indomitable will and the heart that couldn't be broken, the cayuse whose feats of endurance in the face of great odds have earned for him the title of "The Horse That Wouldn't Die."

In the fierce winter of 1929 most of the wild horses west of the Chilcotin district of B. C. were wiped out. That was one of those rare winters when deep snows were melted by chinook winds, and in turn frozen by terrific cold.

Out on lonely icebound meadows and along glassy slopes of shimmering mountains wild horses made their last desperate attempt to survive.

The strongest mares and stallions worked close together in semicircles in front of the bands. They used their front feet like sledge hammers, and cracked at the great ice blocks. When they uncovered a little grass they would nibble a mouthful or two, then carry on with their terrific work, leaving

what remained for the colts and the weak and dying horses behind them.

The stronger animals, their feet and ankles cut to ribbons by the sharp ice, died first, and it was only a matter of time before the weaker ones followed.

On the lower slopes of a mountain called Sugarloaf, more than 200 bush miles beyond Williams Lake, B.C., Nimpo, then a tiny, mouse-colored sucking colt, staggered dejectedly beside the withered body of a black mare. He had survived only because of his mother's rich milk which she had produced for him almost to the moment of her death. He lowered his head and with his ice-caked nostrils touched her frozen body.

A few paces away, his little half-brother, a bay yearling with white-stockinged legs, pawed feebly at a patch of frozen ground.

In the distance lakes expanding with the frost thundered and roared, and the cannonlike reports of bursting trees echoed and re-echoed across the frozen land. Slowly the terrible cold crept into the gaunted bodies of the two colts.

The Colt Had a Fighting Eye

THOMAS SQUINAS, son of the chief of the Anahim Lake Indians, was camped with a group of relations at his trap-line cabin on a wild hay meadow a few miles west of Sugarloaf. He was examining a trap on an open knoll at the base of the main mountain when his well-trained eyes picked up an unnatural blur on the distant snow. Long after dark that night his sleigh pulled into camp with the two little colts.

Thomas Squinas was a good horseman. He

watched the gradual development of the two colts with unusual interest. He was certain that their sire had been a well-bred Arabian stallion which had broken from a ranch in the Chilcotin district and had run for two years with the Sugarloaf wild band, for each of them was short one vertebra, an Arabian characteristic.

The two colts formed a strong attachment for each other as they grew up. Unlike other horses of their age they were businesslike and sober. Even as two-year-olds they did little prancing or playing.

They were turned loose with the Squinas *remuda* when the black was a coming three-year-old, and for two years their whereabouts remained a mystery. Early in the winter of 1934 riders picked up fresh horse tracks near a hidden and seldom-visited lake called Nimpo. Later they found the two horses feeding in the high slough grass along the shore line of the lake. The wary animals were harder to corral than wild horses.

It was in December of that year that I first heard about them. My partner, Panhandle Phillips, and I were up from Wyoming in search of a cattle range, and we had made our headquarters 225 miles beyond the nearest town on an opening known as the Behind Meadows.

Sitting before our cook stove, Thomas Squinas described the trouble he and his friends had encountered corralling the two colts. His dark, square-cut face twisted into a crooked grin when he told us about the black.

"That cayuse—he don't like any kind of man. Can't get close to him. I feed him lots—but he won't make friends. Now I break him to lead. He fight all the time—*Continued on next page*

The Horse That Wouldn't Die

Continued from preceding page

won't give in. He got funny look in the eye, not a mean eye—but he look at you hard and cold."

The following day I decided to drop in on the Squinas village and take a look at the black. He was tied by an inch halter rope to a corral post.

I could see what Thomas had meant by the horse's cold eyes. They glinted with a strange unfathomable hardness, and seemed to say—"I expect no favors from man, and I will give none."

Thomas pointed a finger at the black. "Gonna be lots of work to break that Nimpo Lake cayuse, but I don't think he's gonna buck."

I studied the shape of the horse's head, his deep girth, the weird look in his eyes, and knew he had something. I pulled out my pocketbook, stripped off three \$10 bills, and shoved them at Thomas who quickly relieved me of them.

"That includes the halter he's wearing," I said.

Thomas grinned happily and nodded his head. I had the feeling that one of the \$10 bills would have swung the deal, and noticed too late that the black had one crooked front foot.

Nimpo was my first British Columbia horse. He was hard to break all right. Each morning I had to throw him down, or squeeze him in between gates to get my saddle on him.

Strangely enough the next horse I added to my string was Nimpo's bay half-brother. I called him Stuyve. He bucked a bit at first, but soon settled down to a fast-moving and reliable saddle horse.

As the spring of 1935 approached our string of horses grew rapidly. Pan traded for an old, broke-down, slab-sided cayuse called Scabby White. Nimpo and Stuyve ignored Scabby. They would walk past him without glancing in his direction.

Next came Old Joe, a dirty, brown-colored, sway-backed wasp of a horse who was said to be 25 years old.

Old Joe and Scabby acted as if they had known each other before. They deliberately turned their backs on Nimpo and Stuyve and formed their own little club.

By the first of May, 18 head of broke and unbroke cayuses bucked and played about our pasture. And Nimpo had taken charge. He was a terrific fighter. No group of horses was too large, and no horse too big for him to handle.

Hobbles Couldn't Hold Him

After watching his short but rough encounter with a big, supposedly mean, 1,900-pound half-Clyde stallion, I was convinced that Nimpo was the quickest, shiftest, and most vicious 1,000 pounds of fighting horse I had ever seen. The clumsy Clyde lasted about 10 unhappy seconds.

All the while Stuyve lived the life of Riley. Nimpo would find a new two-inch growth of lush redtop, drive the other horses away, and he and Stuyve would move happily onto it.

And then hot winds blew in from the west, the frost went out of the ground, and it was time for Pan and me to push our pack train north into the unknown regions beyond the Itcha and Algak Mountains.

That was a hard summer on horses. We plunged the pack train through snowdrifts on high mountain passes; pushed them hundreds of miles over rocks and mud and windfalls; mosquitoes, black flies and bulldogs de-

scended on the trail-weary horses in grey buzzing clouds.

Nimpo was our biggest problem.

In mosquito country it is cruel to picket or stake horses for they need freedom of movement to roll, twist and wiggle off the insects. Consequently we hobbled them. The average horse is so tired when his pack is removed at night that he is content to feed through the few hours of darkness close to camp. But not Nimpo. No matter how tough the day had been, or how heavy the pack he had tooted, Nimpo would hop, jump and lope off down the back trail with his hobbles on.

We cursed him, sweated over him, got bitten and mauled in return, and every other day we swore we'd shoot him dead. He didn't give us any rest, and certainly got none himself. Long before the summer was spent he was a rack of shrunken skin and bones.

Squatting in front of the campfire, on lonely rock-bound mountains, with a million glittering stars and a cold white moon pressing down on top of us, I'd listen to the sad tinkle of Nimpo's special horse bell and a twang of sadness would reach through me.

"It's not fair," I'd think. "That poor suffering cayuse will keep on fighting until he's dead. We ought to turn him loose."

But then I'd think of the job that lay before us—packing in more than 12 tons of machinery and grub to the new range we had discovered on the headwaters of the Blackwater River, and I'd realize that if we turned Nimpo loose Stuyve would have to go too.

Despite the trouble, worry and loss of sleep that Nimpo caused us, he was a hard and efficient worker. When finally saddled and bridled he put everything he had into the work assigned to him. Nimpo became a good rope horse, nothing on the end of a lariat was too big or fought too hard for him. He was fast on the getaway, learned to turn on a dime, and I could see that some day, if he lived that long, he'd make a top cutting horse.

Once Stuyve and I fell off a beaver dam into a muskeg. Pan and our hand, Tommy Holt, snaked me safely out onto the bank, but Stuyve, with my saddle on his back, sank slowly and agonizingly down into the ooze.

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1948

Nimpo whinnied from the bank. His eyes held to the spot where Stuyve's head was slowly disappearing.

"Let's get that pack off Nimpo," Pan yelled, "and throw a saddle on him. If he can't yank Stuyve out there's no other cayuse will."

Pan tied a bowline knot around Stuyve's neck and we shoved small trees and poles down into the mud under him. With the rope stretching from Stuyve's neck to Nimpo's saddle horn Pan spoke in a commanding voice

"Git Nimpo! Hit her boy!"

The thin little black leaned hard into the rope.

Nothing came—nothing gave an inch.

He backed up. The rope slackened Pan, holding him by the halter shank, said low and harsh.

"Ready Nimpo—now hit her hard, boy."

Nimpo plunged and dug ahead hard against the rope. I saw Stuyve's head come twisting up a foot above the muck. Again Nimpo fell back. This time to his haunches. He was breathing hard. Pan slackened up on the halter shank.

"Too much for any one horse!" Tommy exclaimed. "Much too much. A big team is all that could get that bay out of the suction."

"We can't let Stuyve die that kind of a death," I said.

The Stallion of Sugarloaf

Nimpo had swung around while we talked. I saw him stare down at Stuyve. And then his eyes changed. He snorted, shook himself, then wheeled suddenly and fiercely into the rope.

"Look out!" yelled Pan. "Here he comes."

That blazed-faced, crooked-footed black plunged madly, wildly ahead. A red fiery light flashed out of his eyes.

The superstrength that lies dormant in horse as well as in man had come suddenly to life in that little black, and we saw his partner come struggling up out of the depths of the stinking mud and a nightmarish death. We all yelled.

It was late that summer when Pan and Alfred Bryant, a young Anahim rancher, drove the pack train over the Itcha Mountains on a 300-mile round trip to Bella Coola on the coast. There, after the boys had assembled the mountainous pile of machinery into separate pack-horse loads, they were confronted with one awkward and extremely heavy mowing-machine part.

Old-timers said to Pan, "There's only one thing to do. Pick out your toughest, meanest, orneriest cayuse to tote that cast-iron chunk, because you'll have to shoot him when it's over." That load was hoisted onto Nimpo.

He made the long terrible journey back all right—150 miles of bush, timber, rock, mud, tortuous passes and mountain summits—with his back-breaking load.

He landed his pack—and then he laid down. We thought he was going to die. He contracted a fever, the flies descended on his emaciated body in swarms. For days only a vague fluttering of his eyelids and the faint pounding of his heart told us that he still lived.

We doctored him, fed him horse medicine, tried to tempt him with oats, and close to him kept a smoke smudge burning day and night. He lived, and late in the fall he was fat and just as ornery as ever.

One night, after the first heavy snow of that 1935 winter, we turned Nimpo loose with the other horses who were out rustling. That was the last we saw of him.

Continued on page 24

CANADIAN ECDO



Sir Wilfrid Bussed the Beauty

GREAT French-Canadian Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Prime Minister 1896-1911) was king of the political baby kissers, according to ex-P.M. Mackenzie King.

Mr. King tells this story of how Sir Wilfrid clinched the title during a great swing through the West.

Sir Wilfrid planned his itinerary so that he might be seen by as many Westerners as possible. Whenever he appeared, whether on the observation platform of his private car, or in some big meeting hall, the local Liberal candidate had a flower girl in readiness—usually his own daughter. The girls, two to six years, walked prettily up to Sir Wilfrid and handed him huge bouquets of flowers. The Prime Minister rewarded each with a fond paternal kiss and the crowd thundered its appreciation.

At Moose Jaw, Sask., the candidate's daughter was again cast in the role of flower girl. But

this time things were different. The daughter was 18, and stunningly beautiful. She minced down the aisle, mounted the platform and graciously presented the biggest bouquet of the trip.

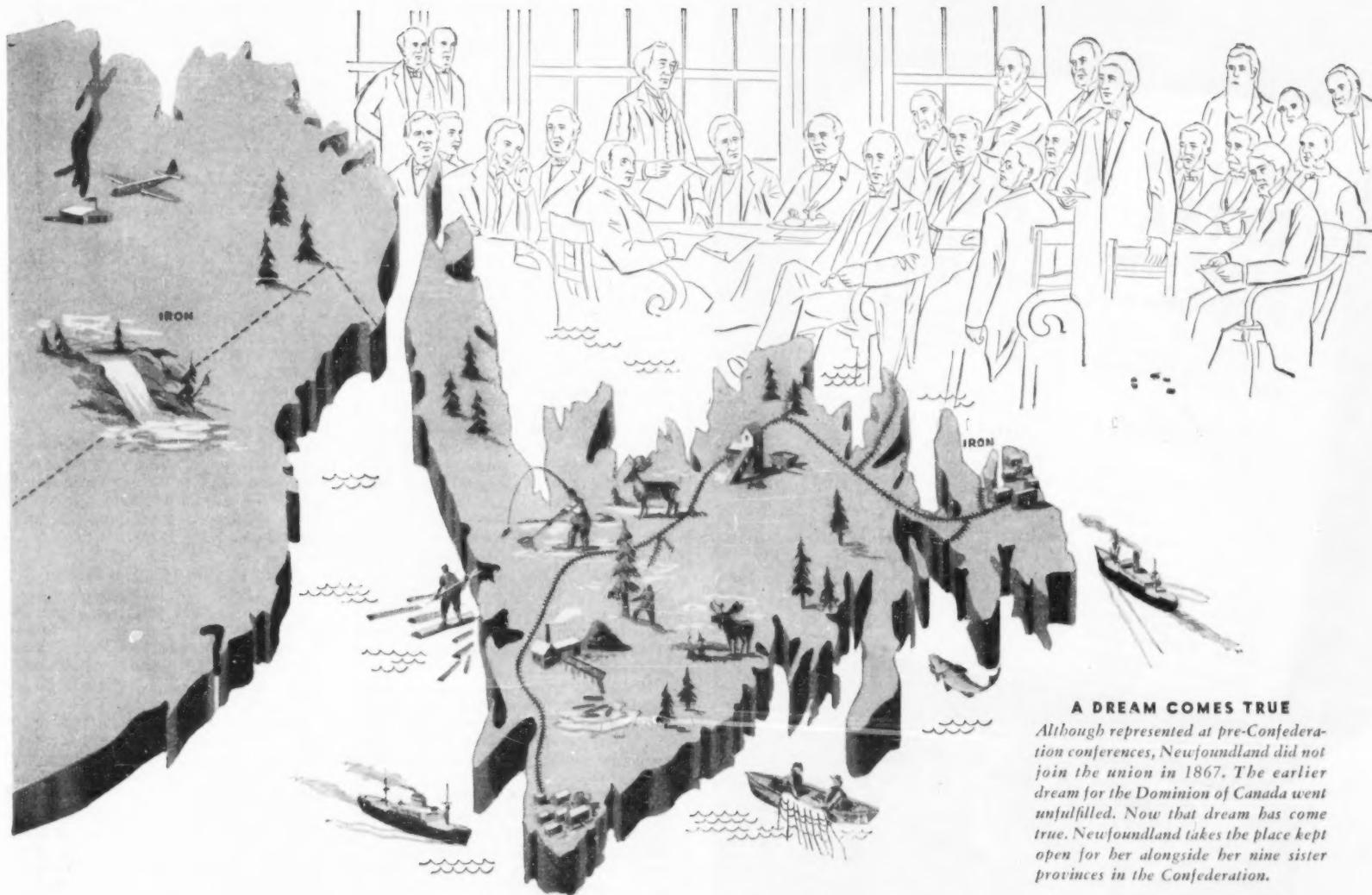
Sir Wilfrid didn't hesitate. Big bouquet and all, his arms went around the flower girl, and he kissed her resoundingly on the lips.

The crowd roared and a strident voice made itself heard above the applause: "I'm going to tell your wife!"

Sir Wilfrid waited for the tumult to die down. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "When I started this trip I promised my wife I would kiss only babies and flower girls up to the age of eight. If one among you wants to tell my wife about this, let him. I can assure her I have kept my promise."

You know as well as I do, they grow 'em big out West!"—Royd Beamish.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdots, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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Continued from page 22

We knew only too well that he had struck south toward his old home, and as great drifts of snow blocked the high canyons and passes of the Itcha Mountains we concluded that this time Nimpo had gone bullheadedly to his death.

At Anahim Lake the following spring Alfred Bryant and I rode 80 miles through the ghost country of Sugarloaf Mountain on the tracks of a lone wild stallion. He had joined some mares and colts and herded them east across the range.

When we finally caught up with the band grazing on an open meadow they threw up their heads and tails and started milling about in a circle. Alfred pulled up his horse alongside of mine and we stared unbelievingly at the "wild stallion."

There—gliding stallionlike back and forth around the flanks of the mares and colts, his tail in the air and his coat shining like glass—was a snuffy little black horse with a blazed face and a crooked foot.

We took Nimpo back into our cavy and when in 1937 we drove our first herd of cattle over the Itcha Mountains he was worth two ordinary saddle horses. In November that year he survived a starvation drive when Charlie Forrester and I fought 75 head of cattle and 18 horses through to Batnuni Lake.

But his crooked leg went lame the following fall and he was turned loose with Shorty, Buck, Old Joe, Big George and old Scabby White on a patch of slough grass near a recently frozen lake.

When Panhandle Phillips rode out to bring in the bunch he found Big George grazing alone and restless along the shore. A few feet out from its rubbery edge, in a tangled, frozen-in mass, were the bloated bodies of other horses. They had broken through the thin ice while feeding on a watery type of goose grass which grew out of the mud a few feet from shore.

Pan assumed Nimpo was among the mass of frost and snow-covered horses protruding above the ice. But acting true to form Nimpo had outwitted both the horse wrangler and the pot-hole lake. At that time he was working south through windfalls and jack pines toward Sugarloaf Mountain.

Nimpo's Fight for Life

High in the Itcha Mountains, while feeling his way through a blinding snowstorm, he made a bad mistake. He turned into a dark narrow canyon. It was a blind draw and a trap—cliffs and towering granite walls reached skyward on three sides of him.

Nimpo turned and at the narrow mouth of the valley he found that his tracks made on entering were smothered beneath an eight-foot snowdrift. He was trapped. Ahead of him stretched three-and-a-half months of high mountain winter in country near the 53rd parallel.

Nimpo stubbornly pitched into the greatest battle of his career. He worked in almost perpetual darkness that 1938 winter on a three-acre patch of grass. The monotonous clacking of his hoofs cracking through the crusted snow rang across the valley floor.

January and February passed with shrieking winds and fierce, unrelenting cold. Great drifts of snow shifted and threatened to fill the canyon from wall to wall.

Early in May two Indians rode into the Home Ranch and told Pan about seeing a lone horse in the Itcha peaks.

"That cayuse just bone," said one of the Indians, "pretty soon I think he die so I don't bring him in."

Pan backtracked the Indians to the canyon. He was shocked at what he saw. Nimpo's big unblinking eyes stared out of hollow sockets; his hair was long, caked and shaggy. When Pan finally got him home he dosed him with Bell's Medical Wonder and fed him his only sack of oats. And the incredible cayuse recovered.

That fall Nimpo suddenly changed his ways. He had slipped into a muskeg and as he was too weak to plow his way out of it I had to snake him out with another horse. While I was working at it I noticed him looking strangely at me from the mud. He seemed to be studying me, trying to make up his mind about something. When, dripping with mud, he stood safely on the bank he whinnied softly and touched me with a quivering nostril.

Nimpo never again tried to pull out on us, and even a child could handle him after that.

Pan and I sold out to a cattle company, and were made cow bosses of our respective units. We needed lots of horses for our work, and for years Nimpo was one of my top cutting and rope horses.

Black Cayuse Comes Home

The year before the company sold out Nimpo went permanently lame. He had cut out his last steer. I was instructed to sell him along with the other cripples and old horses to a mink farm for \$15 apiece.

Something must have happened to Nimpo on the drive to the mink farm. He never got there. I guess some guy with a hungry loop must have stolen him. That was in 1944.

Strange things still happen up here in the north country. Not so long ago northern British Columbia was under the guns of a northeast blizzard, and things didn't look too good out at my new ranch under the rimrock.

I knew that a bunch of cattle were huddled together in a grove of spruce against a drift fence several miles from the barn. If I wanted to save them I had to crack into the storm with a saddle horse and drive them through to the feed yard. I picked the aged but experienced Stuyve for the job, and he got me through to the cattle.

It was while I was riding home behind them that the strange thing happened.

Stuyve suddenly threw his head in the air, struggled against his hackamore bit, swung completely around and pranced sideways into the blinding snow and the wind.

He plunged and bucked through several drifts, whinnied, then came up sharp against the gate that leads out onto our open range.

Then through the shrieking wind I thought I heard a faint whinny. I tensed in the saddle and tried to see beyond the gate into the swirling greyish-white sheet.

A sudden shift in the wind swept a hole in the blowing snow, and for an instant I saw a frosted, emaciated little black horse standing on three legs with his back to the wind and his glazed eyes fastened upon the gate.

Smart old Nimpo, realizing that his blizzard-fighting days were over, had quit the range horses and struggled miles to the only spot that held any chance of getting him through to hay and shelter. His luck had held. No other horse but his lifelong friend Stuyve would have faced into that storm to reach him.

A few days ago a visitor to the ranch asked me why I had built the special horse pasture and fenced off an extra stack of hay for "those two old plugs." Maybe if he reads this story he can figure out the answer. ★

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., BRANTFORD, CANADA, 1949

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1949

The Dog That Could Climb Trees

Continued from page 10

running right across the front with rocking chairs on it. Sam sat in one of them and waited for Carney Haskell to come along.

"Naturally Carney was as surprised as anybody else to see Sam sitting there being sociable and he started to try to get a rise out of him, the way Carney always did.

"I see you got your trout terrier with you," he says to Sam, "they tell me the game warden's looking for him. There's three bull trout missing from Crab Creek."

"That so?" says Sam.

"That's what he told me," Carney says. "And one of them bull trout was too small, just a calf!"

"My dog didn't do it," Sam says, very quiet.

"He must be good for something," Carney says, "What does he do?"

"He climbs trees," says Sam.

"Everybody thought that would hold Carney for a while, but it's like the saying the gamblers have, 'Suckers can't wait.'

"I'm not surprised," says Carney. "He looks something like a baboon to me, only his tail's too short."

"You want to bet?" Sam says.

"Let's see your money," says Carney.

"I'll bet you kindling for the season against five dollars my dog can climb that tree right there," says Sam. "All the way."

"Even at that Carney tried to get out of it, but the other fellows wouldn't let him. They didn't believe Sam but they wanted to see the sport. So Carney he put up the money and stood staring up at the tree in front of the hotel with an uneasy look, as Carney sure hated to let go of cash.

"Sam didn't get out of his chair. He just leaned over and stroked Dingbat's head. Then he looked from Dingbat to the tree and says, very quiet, 'To the top!'

THE dog didn't stop to shake himself. He just started from a crouch and, before you could say, 'Two beers,' he was away and up the tree. First he kind of run up the bark a little till he came to a limb. Then he give himself a spring off that limb and he was up the trunk and half out of sight under the leaves. You could hear him scrambling and giving little yelps, and the first thing you knew he was right up at the top, swaying this way and that on the little branches you wouldn't think would hold his weight. He give a few barks like in victory, and scrambled down again, slower but safe and sound on the ground.

"Sam took the five dollars and patted the dog's head. Then he walks off before anybody come to enough to ask him how he taught the dog to do it.

"That was the beginning of a new life for Sam, and for the whole town. Things were picking up around Mapleton those days and there were a lot of traveling salesmen coming in. Sam give up working and just used to sit on the veranda of the hotel. Pretty soon one of the salesmen would get to talking to him, and after a while he'd notice the dog. Dingbat was such a strange-looking dog that before long the salesman would ask Sam what kind of dog it was.

"He's a tree-climbing Soompherbag," Sam would say, like he expected the salesman to know what he was talking about.

"You mean he climbs trees?" the salesman would say.

"That's right," Sam would tell him. And the bet was on.

"Sometimes Dingbat climbed the tree in front of the hotel, and sometimes, for bigger stakes, he'd let the salesmen pick his own tree.

"It was all the same to Sam and Dingbat. By and by it got so that the salesmen that knew about Dingbat's talent would egg some newcomer on to make big bets, and make side bets themselves. One fellow brought his boss all the way from the city one time and bet him a month's salary against a raise. Of course, Sam always cleaned up, especially after he got to insisting that the salesmen split their winnings with him too, in addition to his own bet. Otherwise he wouldn't make Dingbat climb.

OF COURSE prosperity does funny things to some people, and Sam was no exception. He began to wear clean shirts and get his suits sent from Calgary. Before long he got to be real sociable. That was more than Dingbat ever was; he wouldn't let anybody touch him but Sam. But there was one other person. That was Todd McCarthy's widow.

Todd had met Mollie on one of his visits to the city. She was a nice, plump healthy girl that should have fitted right into the life here, but she was never happy. She was a city girl, for all her pleasing ways, and she missed the things she had back there. I don't mean the shows and things like that, but she'd been used to electric light and a washing machine and an electric iron and stuff like that to help her with her housework. After Todd died she stayed on, but she was always planning to return to the city again.

"She would have gone sooner, too, except that she and Sam kind of hit it off well after Todd died. It didn't take long for everybody to see that it only lacked for Sam to get married to Mollie to complete his big change into being really sociable.

"Maybe Sam wouldn't have gone the whole way if it hadn't been for the way Dingbat took to Mollie, too. It seemed like a perfect setup. That is, except for the way Mollie was always hankering after all these electrical conveniences and the like. Much as she liked Sam she told him she couldn't see staying on in Mapleton and spending her life over a scrubbing board and cleaning lamp chimneys.

"And Sam would have married her and taken her to the city except, of course, he had an idea there were no trees there.

"Things were like that when the big election came on. For a time everybody was so excited about the campaign they forgot about Sam. Most folks were pretty mad when old Roly Pratt decided not to stand again and the party put up a stranger from over Berwick way to run for his seat. This fellow was a big shot name of Arlington Brookbank and he had a lot of influence in the government. He was a blowhard but they said he could get anything done that he wanted to bad enough. Just the same, it didn't look like he'd get elected. He was promising a lot, a good road to the city and the like, but who wanted a road when nobody except Mollie had any idea of going to the city anyway?

THEN Sam got an idea. One afternoon during the campaign this Arlington Brookbank and his friends from the city were sitting out in front of the hotel. He was going to make his final speech in Mapleton that night, and I guess he could tell the way people felt. He was sitting there, looking kind of depressed, when Sam sidles

Continued on page 28

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LOOK FOR

IN THE COOLER

Continued from page 26
over near to him, with Dingbat at his heels, and sits down.

"You like dogs?" Sam asks him, just as if he's trying to be polite and make conversation.

"I've always loved dogs," says Mr. Brookbank, "a dog is a man's best friend."

"This is my dog right here," Sam says.

Mr. Brookbank looks down and sees Dingbat lying there. He kind of reached over to pat him but Dingbat gave out with such a snarl that he pulled his hand back.

"That's a fine dog," he says, trying to make it sound as if he meant it.

"By this time most of the boys had a feeling something was up and there must have been twenty of them standing around, most of the influential men in the county.

"This dog climbs trees," says Sam in his quiet way.

"Mr. Brookbank gives him a look and kind of edges away a little, but Carney Haskell caught on and he spoke right then.

"You say your dog climbs trees!" Carney says to Sam as if he didn't know it. Then he gives Sam a wink and says, "Here's fifty dollars says he can't."

"I'll take that," says Sam. "Anybody else want to bet?"

"A couple of the city fellows pipe up and say they'll lay five against the dog, and Carney turns to Mr. Brookbank and asks him too.

"What about you, Mr. Brookbank?" he says. "Are you a sport, or do you just go for a sure thing?"

"Why surely," says Mr. Brookbank, "I'll make a small wager just for the fun of it."

"All this time Sam is sitting there so meek and mild you'd think he wouldn't say 'Boo' to a goose.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Brookbank," he says. "You want to win this election, I know. I'll bet you a majority from this county against you guaranteeing to bring electricity to Mapleton within one year of the day you're elected—that my dog can climb that tree out there. In fact," he says, "that's the only way you'll take the county."

THE other fellows chimed in and backed Sam up. They didn't like Mr. Brookbank, but they didn't like the other candidate either, and they knew what Sam had in mind when he spoke about the electricity. So there was nothing for it for Mr. Brookbank but to take the bet. Of course, he figured Sam was crazy anyway, so he had nothing to lose and maybe plenty to gain by proving himself a good sport.

"Sam made some of the fellows act as witnesses, and then he looks down at Dingbat and kind of stroked his head.

"To the top," he says very stern, as though his life depended on it.

"Well, Dingbat gives a kind of little yelp and shoves off like one of those new jet airplanes. In no time at all he's up the tree trunk, into the leaves and up to the topmost branches. He lets out a couple of those winner's barks of his and scrambles down."

THE proprietor fell silent. He gazed at the stump of the cigar as if mentally calculating how he would ration the other ten to himself. He sat there and seemed to gaze right through the wall to where the old hotel veranda with the chairs on it used to be.

"So that's how electricity came to Mapleton," I said.

"That's right," he nodded.

"And did Sam marry the widow McCarthy?" I asked.

"No," he said.

He searched in his coat pocket for a match and lighted what was left of the cigar again. His gaze seemed to travel out and down the road to the lonely shack.

"Why not?" I coaxed softly. "Why didn't Sam marry the widow after that?"

"That's the sad part of it," said the proprietor. "You see, the electricity came through all right, within a year too. There was a big celebration the day they turned the power on. Everybody from all around turned out. Mr. Brookbank was there, and a lot of big shots with him. It was big. As soon as it began to grow dark everybody gathered in front of the hotel. Right outside here. There was a new street light there. It was fixed so that when Mr. Brookbank gave the signal the lights would go on.

FIRST Mr. Brookbank made a speech about progress and how Mapleton would become the metropolis of Alberta, and a lot of stuff like that. Then some of the other men spoke. But somebody shouted that if anybody should make a speech it ought to be Sam Seever. Everybody looked around to where Sam was standing with his arm around Mollie, and Dingbat lying on the ground there between them. Somebody took Sam's arm and led him forward and he stood there with his back against the new pole that the wires were strung on, and Dingbat goes over with him.

"Well," Sam says, "It's not me that should be making the speech. It's Dingbat. Only Dingbat, smart as he is, is not a talking dog, so I'll just say for him that now you'll see this town go up and up—right to the top!"

And that's where he made his big mistake. At the words 'to the top,' Dingbat lets out a yelp and, before Sam can stop him, he's up that electric light pole, using those little stilt steps the linesmen put there. In no time at all he's at the top and of course he bumps right into two of those high-powered wires and that is the end of Dingbat. Sam, too, for that matter."

WELL," I said, "That's sad, but he had Mollie."

"No," he said, "After that happened Sam seemed to go right back to the way he was before. Wouldn't talk to nobody, just growled and snarled at anybody that spoke to him. There was nothing for Mollie to do but go back to the city, and that's what she did."

There was silence for a moment. "What's Sam do for a living now?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"Funny thing, though," he added. "Some of the townspeople had a pair of gloves made for Sam out of Dingbat's hide."

"Gloves!" I exclaimed. "Rather gruesome, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," he agreed. "They were no use. As soon as Sam got over the worst of his grief he put the gloves on and set out to chop wood again. But they were no good."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Well," said the proprietor, "it was this way. Sam put on the gloves, very gently. Then he picked up his axe. But would you believe it, those gloves just ran up the axe handle so fast he couldn't swing it. Sam kind of took that as a sign Dingbat didn't want him to work."

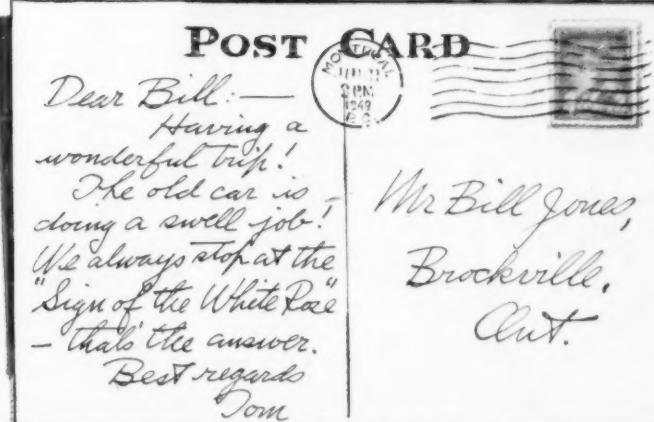
The proprietor lifted himself to his feet.

"That's quite a story," I said.

"If you want to phone it in to your newspaper I think I can get you a line now," he said.

I decided against it. ★

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Death Comes in Shining Armor

Continued from page 19

drawing away the small bloodstained fingers, he saw that she had a nasty jagged cut. He bound it with the soaked handkerchief from his pocket, and worked the wrist about exploratively, watching her.

"Hurt, Colette?"

"Pas du tout."

"Fine," Henry said. "You're as

brave as the Chevalier Bayard himself." He got in beside her, pressed the starter, reversed the jeep up the track. Hardly knowing whether the moment was judiciously chosen, but with the idea of keeping her mind off her shivering, he enquired, as he shifted gears and drove over the humpbacked bridge, "Did you ever hear tell, Colette, of the great jousting between the Chevalier Bayard and his twelve captains from Provence and the Chevalier D'Arzac and his twelve captains from Carcassonne?"

"N-n-no," admitted Colette.

So Professor Bow was enriching her education with a preview of a vigorous chapter from his work in progress when they came, soon, to an arched gateway in a long, whitewashed wall which skirted the right of this remote byway.

"Is this home, Colette?"

"Out."

"We d-d-don't use the front part any m-m-more," Colette explained.

Henry followed the road around to the back. Here the jeep's lights swiveled over a stretch of lawns and flower beds, enclosed by barns and stables.

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1949

"Soon be dry now, Colette," he said cheerfully, and getting out lifted her from the seat.

In the doorway appeared a gaunt, tall, aproned woman with a saddle-colored, bony face and greying hair scraped back to a tight knot.

"No need for alarm," said Henry hastily.

"I f-f-fell in the river, M-M-Marthe," explained Colette, not without pride.

"Ay, maline!" Marthe clutched first her brow, then the child. "And I told Madame you were with Trante, putting the geese in! Monsieur, entrez, je vous en prie—and excuse me, hein?"

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SHE bore Colette off in haste, leaving Henry standing alone in an immense room with a floor of polished red bricks. It was a kitchen that evidently was used also as a dining room. The red glow of the coals through the bars of the range had a comforting look to Henry; he was soaked from the waist down, and his own teeth were not far off chattering. He moved forward, rubbing his hands, and held them out to the glow. Behind a door standing ajar on his left, not the door through which Marthe had taken Colette, Hélène Roger's quiet, warm voice was speaking—it seemed on the telephone.

"I know," she said. "Yes, I know, Paul, only there isn't anything we can do. No, I made no attempt to speak of it. You know Edouard. He was only here for a couple of days. No, I told you—it would have been useless for you to see him. It would have made everything worse—intolerable. There's just nothing to be done—"

Henry took up the poker, thrust it between the bars, stirred the coals noisily; but he could still hear her.

"I? It's not I he'd never let go. He has far more potent attractions in Paris—but he's careful. It's Ferme Javelle here that he'd go to any length rather than lose. He's making a great deal of money in Paris, now, and spending it; but he knows his luck can't last. He doesn't care, so long as there's always Ferme Javelle behind him—to fall back on, to milk in case of need. Give it to him? Knowing it would be neglected, mortgaged, gambled away? Oh, Paul, if there were only myself to think of—But there's Colette. Ferme Javelle must go to her, as it came to me. It's her right. I couldn't cheat her of it. You wouldn't ask it. No, I know, my dear. No, nothing, nothing, nothing—except to forget each other. Oh, Paul—"

The break in her voice, the desolate note of a woman who utterly had lost her way, sent Henry back in embarrassment to the far end of the kitchen. He was angry with himself for having heard so much—too much. He didn't want to face her now. He just wanted to get away; and a step sounding in the yard, he looked with relief at Trante, who appeared in the doorway holding a coach lamp in his hand.

AH, TRANTE," Henry said. "Colette's had a little tumble in the river. She's all right; she's with Marthe. But if I could just have the use of one of your barns for a minute, to change these wet clothes, I'll be on my way."

"I'll take you to the coach house room," said Trante, with concern. He led Henry up a short flight of stone steps at the side of the coach house, unlocked the door of a room. It was an attractive, simple room; faintly in the air breathed a fragrance of clover hay.

The room seemed to Henry, as by candlelight he changed into a crumpled grey suit from his valise, like Hélène

Continued on page 34



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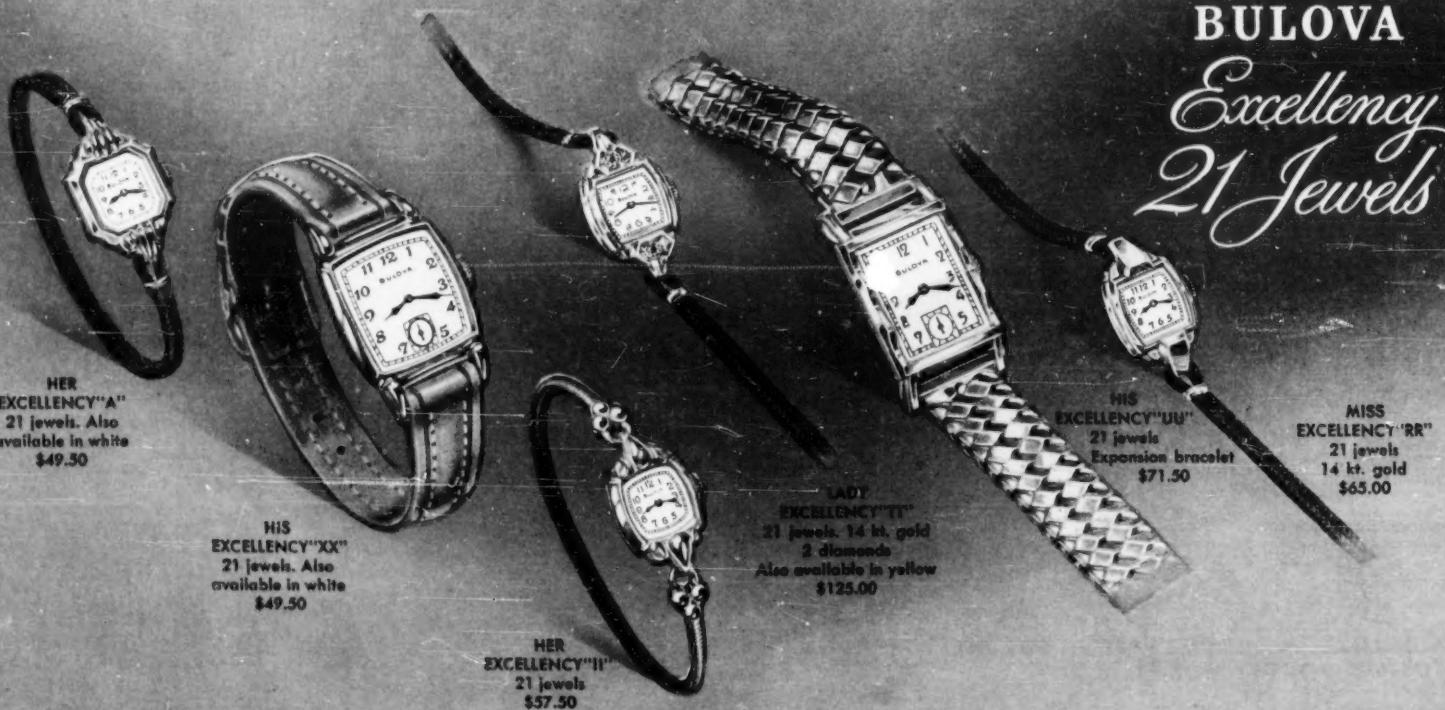
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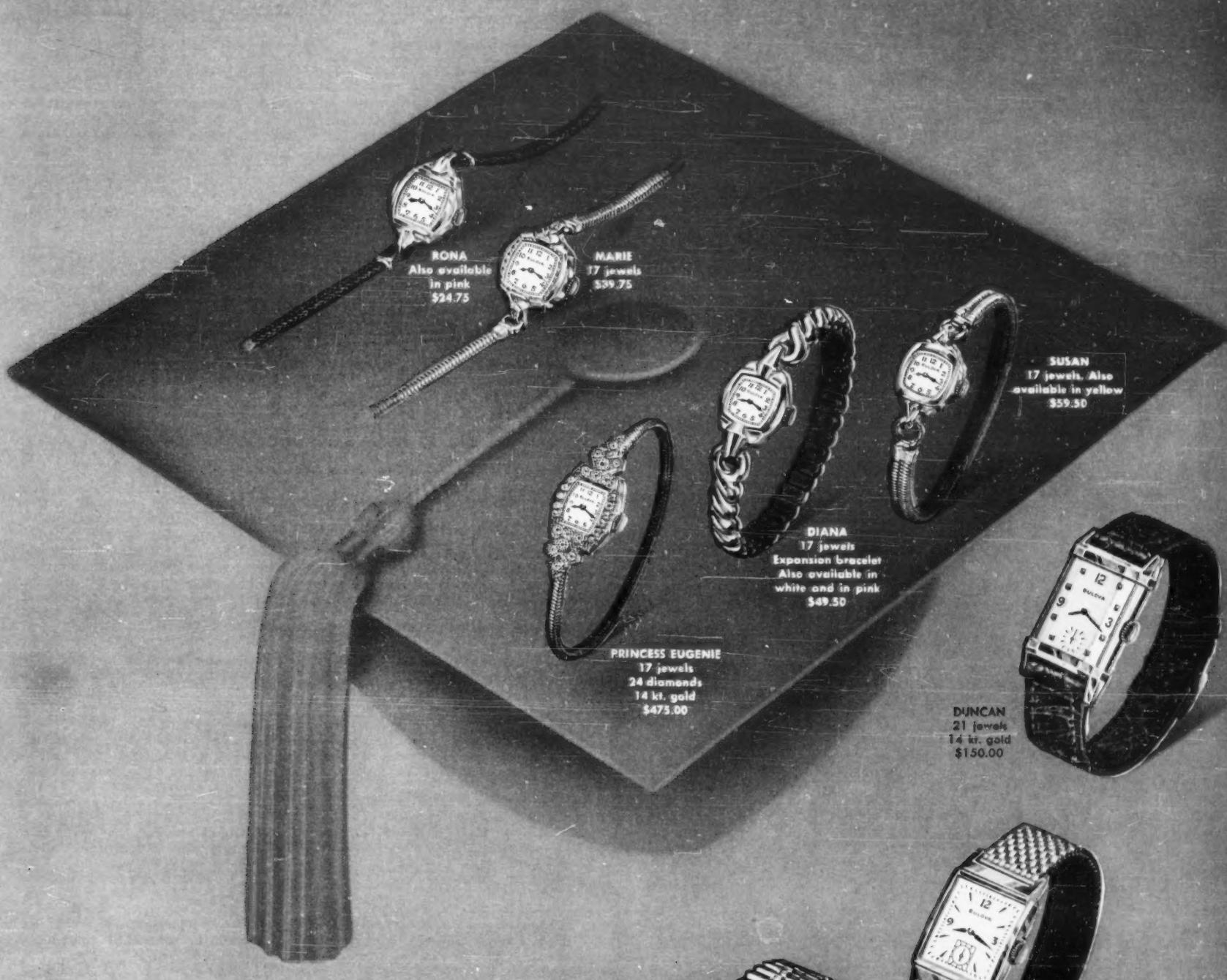
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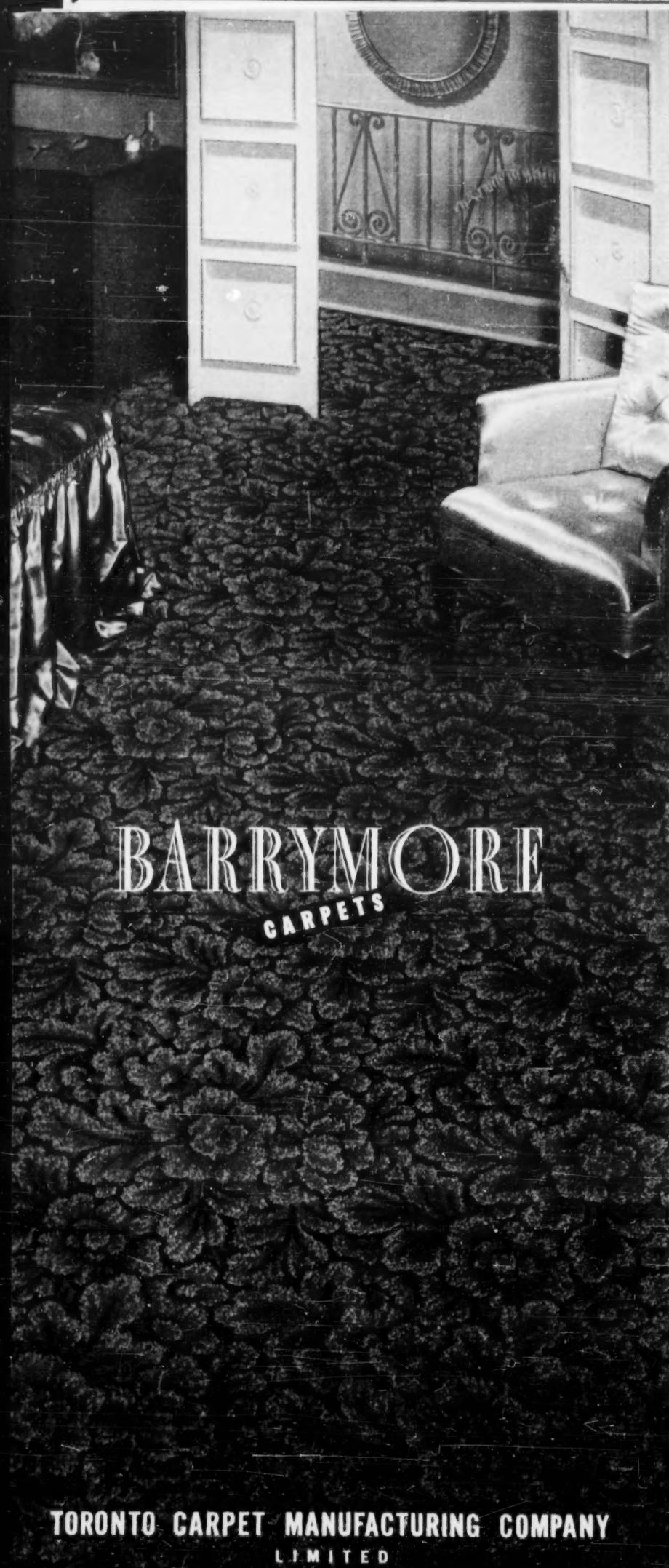


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fishing rod and reel in their kit."

"To catch trout and children in brooks," said Hélène, smiling.

Henry, though, had just remembered where he had left that rod. He had left it lying on the bank down by the bridge. It was an old split cane, much bound and beguiled, but he valued it. He was careful to remind himself again about it as he was smoking a last cigarette in bed in the coach house room, after Trante had lighted him across the misty yard.

"Ferme Javelle's own *eau de vie*," he said. "It will warm you, monsieur. Also, your trout are being cooked."

"My trout?" said Henry, turning.

"Madame hopes very much that you will dine with her," said Trante. "Further—" he folded back the bedclothes to insert the hot-water bags—"there is a thick mist come up, and the river track could be dangerous for a stranger. See, I am airing the bed for you."

"But—"

"It would be a kindness to Madame." Trante's bullet head showed grey-stubbled in the candlelight as he tucked in the sheets. "Ferme Javelle is lonely for her."

Henry said quietly, "Thank you, Trante."

HÉLENE ROGER was waiting for him in the kitchen. She gave him her hand. "Colette has told me what happened. It was very fortunate that you were there, Monsieur Bow."

"Is she all right?"

"Oh, yes. I've put her to bed, though, and I've telephoned Dr. Sauvagnac to call as soon as he can, in case a stitch should be needed in that cut."

Trante was holding for her the chair at the head of the table. Henry took the place which, he guessed, had been laid for Colette. Marthe, at the big range, was cooking the trout. Trante ladled soup from a big tureen. They were a hard-faced couple, but they held Helene Roger in deep love and respect; it was in their eyes when they looked at her.

The trout were cooked to perfection, and Henry said so.

Hélène smiled. "You hear, Marthe?"

"Monsieur est trop gentil."

"You know," Hélène said to Henry, "you've put me in a quandary. Colette's bedtime story hero has been always the Chevalier Bayard. Now you've given him a rival. She wants stories about the Chevalier D'Arzac, because you said he came from over there at Carcassonne. And I'm completely ignorant about him!"

"I've an unfair advantage," Henry said, and told her of the biography he was writing.

He went on to tell her something of D'Arzac's story. It was easy to talk of, in this quiet, old, homely kitchen; here the long ago seemed not so remote after all; its actors were flesh and blood. And Hélène's dark eyes, as she listened, might have been Colette's, but that there was that sadness in them, that sadness which Henry Bow was powerless to lift.

Hélène refilled his wineglass. His eyes rested for a moment on her brown fingers slender in the candlelight, on the single, plain gold ring she wore. He sheered away from the end of the story. He couldn't tell this woman, who loved a man not her husband, how the Chevalier D'Arzac had died in disonor for love of a woman who was another man's wife.

He took up his glass. "The rest is mystery," he said. "Bayard himself insisted about his friend, 'The whole story has not been told.' So it's left for historians to puzzle over in their idle hours and make an excuse for research trips to Carcassonne—with an illicit

No sound came from the blackness. As his own forced breathing began to come under control, he put out a hand, seeking the bedside chair. It had fallen. He slid a bare foot about the board floor, heard the matchbox rattle. He snatched it up, and the flame, as he struck a match, stabbed his eyes.

He saw the door standing wide open, the fog feeling in like a blind beggar, and on the floor a sprawled, white-faced figure in a belted trench coat.

The match burned his fingers. He dropped it and struck another, looking for the fallen candle. He found and lighted it, jammed it into the candlestick, stooped over the fallen man. The pallor of the haggard, weak, handsome face intensified the blue shave-shadow of the jaw, the redness of the lax lips. The sleek head had struck the edge of the raised, red-brick hearth in falling; and with that kind of a knock-out the man should have been breathless. But he wasn't.

Henry dropped abruptly on one knee, put an ear to the man's mouth; *Continued on page 36*



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Continued from page 34
then, his own heart thudding, he raised the man's outflung, limp right hand, his fingers circling the warm wrist.

Vaguely he was aware of a dog barking out in the night, of a shout there and running footsteps; but his whole attention was concentrated on the hand he held. He couldn't believe what his finger tips told him.

There was a step in the doorway. He looked around quickly. Trante, holding the coach lamp, his nightshirt tucked anyhow into his trousers, stood there, staring.

"He's dead," Henry said. "Do you know him, Trante?"

Trante's lips moved dryly. "Monsieur Roger—"

"Roger?"

Distantly, from across the yard, a voice called, "Trante? Trante?" It was Hélène.

Trante said harshly, "I am sorry, monsieur." He jerked the door shut, and Henry heard the key grind in the lock.

Incredulous, he rose, strode to the door. He tried it and it was firm. He could hear Trante running across the yard. He could hear the dog barking and its chain rattle. Again he tried the door. It was of oak, solid and heavy. Shadows wheeled as he swung around to the window, swept back the pretty curtains. The window was open at the top, but the room must have been once a harness room, for through the glimmer of his reflection candlelit on the glass he could see bars.

He set down the candlestick, returned to the door, stood listening. All was quiet; even the dog had stopped barking.

"They're telephoning the police," Henry guessed.

He peeled the pyjama top from his brown, thin body, began to dress. The silence made everything seem to him unreal yet abnormally vivid. He had that spectral sense of reliving a previous experience, something that had happened to him before. He knew why he felt this. It was because for months now he had been projecting his imagination back into the life and times of D'Arzac of Carcassonne—on whom the door of a room, where he stood armed over the body of an unarmed man whose wife he coveted, had been slammed and locked.

He went over to gaze down again at the dead man. Edouard Roger, Hélène's husband, who was supposed to have left for Paris this morning—

It wasn't the fact that the man was here that seemed to Henry so incredible. What was incredible was the thing he had noticed when he lifted Roger's right hand to feel for a pulse.

Even now he couldn't believe that thing. Again he knelt and lifted the hand. He manipulated the little finger gently, exploratively, as he had manipulated Colette's wrist, feeling for a break. Colette's wrist hadn't been broken.

Neither was Roger's little finger.

HENRY sat down on the bed. He rolled and smoked cigarette after cigarette. His throat ached dullly; it was tender when he touched it; it hurt to swallow.

But he knew that it wasn't Roger who had inflicted this damage. Roger hadn't got a broken little finger. The glaring fact was: Edouard Roger hadn't entered this room alive.

Roger cared nothing for his wife, yet he bitterly feared to lose his claim on her property. A man of that calibre, if he suspected a threat to his possession of her, certainly wouldn't be above pretending a departure, then sneaking back under cover of night and mist to

spy on her. That was what had happened. But he had been caught at it. He had been caught and killed, and his body had been carried, at once and silently, here to the coach house room, and laid down with the head on the edge of the hearth.

The man who brought him then had made his assault on Henry, not with intent to kill, but to provoke a violent reaction—so that, flung back, the man could pretend a stumble in the darkness, a heavy fall, then slip out soundlessly through the open door, leaving Henry to find the body and draw the obvious conclusion.

HENRY lifted his head suddenly, listening. A long time had passed; on the dressing table the candle had burned down to its final inch. Cars were coming up the road between the tufted poplars. The cars, two of them, pulled up in the yard. Almost at once footsteps sounded outside the door; the latch lifted, but the door wasn't unlocked. Whoever it was remained outside, presumably on guard. Over at the house, no doubt, questioning was going on, for a good ten minutes passed before more feet sounded on the coach house steps.

This time the key was turned in the lock. And as Henry stood up the door was flung open and a swarthy officer in blue tunic and breeches, Sam Brown and kepi, stepped into the room, a hand on the butt of a leather-holstered revolver.

"See if he is armed, Durand," he said.

A cloaked gendarme ran skilled hands down Henry's long flanks. "Rien, inspector—only his passport."

"Good." The inspector took the passport and said, "Dr. Sauvagnac?"

A tall, tanned man, hatless, in a tweed overcoat with the collar turned up, a black case in his right hand, stepped forward. This was the doctor, Henry remembered, to whom Hélène had telephoned earlier in the evening to see Colette. He hadn't turned up by the time Henry went to bed.

The inspector gestured at the body. "Take a look at him, Paul," he said.

Paul? The name flicked Henry's nerves like a whiplash. He shot the doctor a startled glance. He was a man about thirty-five, with a resolute blunt face and thick dark hair. He looked desperately tired, but his brown eyes met Henry's for an instant, in a swift, searching regard, before he knelt to examine the body.

"Monsieur Bow?" The inspector was riffling the passport.

But Henry's attention still was on the doctor, kneeling now, his back to the room. He hadn't turned up, this doctor, this Dr. Paul Sauvagnac, by the time Henry went to bed. But had he, Henry wondered, turned up afterward? Had Paul Sauvagnac been here tonight, to Ferme Javelle, before his visit now with the police?

"Monsieur Bow!" the inspector repeated—sharply this time.

Henry looked at him.

"Suppose you tell us what happened?" the inspector said.

"What happened?" Henry said slowly. He swallowed with his aching throat, putting his hand to it, playing for time—weighing in his mind moral responsibilities and consequences; seeing again the woman and the child standing together on the grey stone bridge; hearing Hélène's voice as she talked quietly into the telephone; seeing her once more in the carven, high-backed chair, her profile fine-drawn, her eyes in candlelight, her deft and gentle hands. "What happened?" he said. "Why—why, I was attacked in my sleep. I was half throttled—" He

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Mother was a Cinderella 40 years ago...

by
Ruth Parsons



If you were growing up when this century was young, probably one of the sharpest memories of your childhood is the incomparable fragrance of the grocer's shop at which your mother dealt.

Never did so great a mingling of smells demand so much of one small nose! The open barrels of pickles, olives, crackers, dried herring and candy—the open bins of coffee beans, spices, tea, biscuits and brown sugar—the kegs of vinegar and molasses—the great mill-wheel of cheese—the kerosene pump at the rear—all combined to create a clashing mixture of offensive odours and benign fragrances.

But though such a memory may create a feeling of nostalgia in many of us, it is to our benefit that it is only a memory—not a present-day reality.

Charming though it may seem in retrospect, the way that foods were sold in the past was perilous to the health of the entire population. The very fact that their odours got out meant that their freshness escaped, and the dust and the germs got in. Back of most stores a heap of decaying refuse grew larger as each



day wore on, and blue-bottle flies feasted mightily both indoors and out. The flavours of different grocery products were woven together as were the odours.

And once the food was home, what a chore it was to prepare and conserve! Back in that era—the day of long hair, long skirts and many petticoats—the day when cosmetics were still frowned on—the average housewife did all her own cooking on a huge, black coal and wood range.

Three hearty meals a day to get! The ritual of baking and bread-making made domesticity strenuous. Stews, chowders, pork and beans, puddings, mincemeat, relishes, ketchup—she started with the raw materials and made them all—often by a long, slow, arduous process. She made soup when she had a coal fire going and could keep a soup bone simmering for several hours or days.

Since mother's cinderella days, what a magic wand has been waved over the food habits of a nation! Rare is the grocery store today in which one detects more than a faint whiff of food. Instead, the neat orderly shelves abound with a wondrous variety of packaged products. Protected by glass, by tin, by foil, by transparent plastics and many other

Make a fancy fish loaf this simple, thrifty way

As a first course for dinner or a mainstay for lunch, Heinz Vegetable Soup is grand and glorious eating. And here it plays another stellar role—adds the garden goodness of 14 vegetables to a fish loaf and changes it to a fancy feast.

FISH LOAF

2 cups flaked cooked fish	1/4 cup finely-chopped onion
1 1/2 cups tiny cubes dry bread	3 eggs, beaten
1/4 cup chopped Heinz Sweet	1 can (10 oz.) Heinz Condensed
Mixed Pickles	Vegetable Soup, undiluted
1/2 cup finely-diced celery	

Combine fish, bread cubes, pickle, celery and onion. Mix lightly. Line greased loaf pan (4 1/2" x 8 1/2") with greased paper; fill with fish mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350°), until set—about 1 1/2 hours. Let stand in warm place 10 minutes, then turn out and garnish attractively. Cut into thick slices and serve with suitable sauce; or loaf may be served cold. Yield—6 servings.



Delicious . . . nourishing . . . brimming with real home-made flavour, the 17 varieties of Heinz Condensed Soups offer you superior quality, variety and convenience. Whether you serve them as soups or use them in recipes, you'll save on food bills. For a wealth of tested and practical soup-cookery recipes, drop a letter to the H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Toronto. Ask for the booklet "57 Ways to Use Heinz Condensed Soups".



57

materials—with all their freshness and flavour locked in—they can be made ready for the table in a matter of minutes.

With a twist of the wrist or a turn of the can-opener, the modern housewife can set before her family a wealth of good eating that would have taken her forebears hours of toil and trouble to prepare.



In bringing such advantages to the women of Canada, the House of Heinz has blazed a pioneering trail. Way back in 1909 the first Heinz kitchens were established in the midst of the sunny garden land around Leamington, Ontario. Within a year or two, 4 kinds of oven-baked beans, tomato ketchup, many kinds of pickles, prepared mustard and relishes, olives, olive oil, horse radish and three kinds of vinegar—all bearing the famous sign of the '57'—were wending their way into homes across the nation. They were made in spotless kitchens from quality ingredients. They were carefully, scientifically packed in tins and bottles. Their flavour and quality never varied.

When gas and electric ranges swept the nation, the simmering soup pot was swept into near-oblivion. Heinz came to the rescue with many thrifty, savory, distinctly individual varieties of soup—all made from tried-and-tested recipes—the work of a minute to heat and serve.

Later Heinz introduced Heinz Strained Baby Foods and Heinz Junior Foods. Now baby, too, was assured of delicious, nourishing, and easily digestible fare . . . and mother could feed him at any hour of the day or night with ease and speed.



This year marks the fortieth Canadian anniversary of the House of Heinz. In today's streamlined grocery stores, Heinz products in their protective containers represent a flourishing garden where all year 'round all good things grow—and where it is always harvest time. They save us time and work . . . at home, at the cottage, on camping trips and automobile jaunts.

Once an array of Heinz products is on her pantry shelves, today's housewife can close the door on her kitchen until a few minutes before mealtime. Then she can open it, and without donning an apron, whip up a quick and hearty repast to please the most famished family. Most of the work has been done by somebody else.

That "somebody else" is in reality a staff of workers larger than the most luxurious household could afford. Drawing the ingredients of its products from the Canadian soil . . . keeping an army of Canadian farmers occupied from seeding time to harvest . . . employing hundreds of Canadians in its kitchens, laboratories, offices, warehouses and sales force . . . Heinz has built a Canadian business of surprising stature. But also by its purchases, payrolls, investments, and widespread domestic and export activities, it has added much to the general prosperity of our fortunate country.



this Coffee has a Glorious Flavor all its Own



While "handlebars" were still in vogue, many a man drank his Maxwell House from a special "moustache cup."



And many a proud housewife cherished her delicate china "coffee set" as a family heirloom.



Modern cup design is both varied and colourful. Most people today like their Maxwell House in a "large" cup.



Lunch-room and canteen cups must be extra sturdy—but Maxwell House tastes just as delicious in them.



But the "demi-tasse" for leisurely "after dinner" coffee never loses its charm.



While many workers "out on the job" look forward to Maxwell House hot from a vacuum flask.

SUPER-VACUUM TIN
Drip and Regular Grind

GLASSINE-LINED BAG
All Purpose Grind



Maxwell House Coffee

"Good to the Last Drop!"

A Product of General Foods

MH-29M

Continued from page 36
lifted his chin to show his bruised throat. "I threw the man back from me, got a light going, and—he was as you see him."

The inspector looked Henry up and down, intently. "That's all you have to say?"

There was a slow, measured punching in Henry's chest. He knew what he was doing. He said, "Yes, that's all."

The inspector nodded. "Durand! Take him out to the car."

The gendarme snapped a cuff on Henry's wrist. "Allez!"

Henry went down the steps, another gendarme, ahead, shining a flashlamp on them to light the way. The mist struck chill. Across the yard a yellow shine came from the kitchen window. A shadow that moved across the curtains might have been Hélène's.

HE DIDN'T see her again until she gave evidence at the proceedings held in a bleak, whitewashed room adjoining the building of the Police Judiciaire, in the small town of Lajavelle. Not once did she look at him as she gave her evidence, testifying that she had never seen him in her life until the day she had given him permission to fish.

The lawyer representing Henry had told him he had nothing to worry about. "It's well known here what kind of man Edouard Roger was. The truth is quite obvious. He pretends to leave for Paris; he sneaks back to spy on his wife. He is jealous, suspicious. He places an ugly construction on the presence of a stranger, and in his craven rage attacks that stranger as he lies asleep. A mischance; a stumble—poetic justice, perhaps—and it is Roger himself who dies. It is clear-cut, Monsieur Bow. You will be a free man by noon."

He was only an hour or two out. It was three o'clock when the court rose. The swarthy inspector, trim in his breeches and leggings, his Sam Brown and kepi, walked over to shake Henry's hand.

"Our gaol will miss you," he said cordially; "you play a good game of cards, monsieur."

"I'm really free?" Henry said.

"It was never in doubt," said the inspector. "Come, your jeep's waiting in the garage. I'll help you get your things aboard."

The only thing missing from his kit was the familiar old split-cane rod which he had dropped at the riverside when he had run to help Colette.

His vacation was over. His researches in Carcassonne must wait till some other time; he was long overdue back at his work. Just the same he took the Carcassonne road out of Lajavelle. He drove for a few miles, slowly, thoughtfully, until he came to a culvert where the river ran under the road. He pulled up. The afternoon was wearing on; it was cloudy and still, quiet but for the mirth of falling waters. He rolled a cigarette, his eyes on the stony track which twisted and climbed, following the river up to Ferme Javelle, lonely amid the tawny hills.

He thought, "Shall I go and get that rod?" But he knew that it wasn't a fishing rod he wanted to find—and was afraid to seek.

Suddenly he threw away his cigarette, shifted gears, bumped the jeep off the road onto the river track. Nothing had changed along this way; he saw no living soul. He came to the spot where he had parked that first day.

He got out of the jeep, went down the bank and walked along at the water's edge. He found his rod lying just where he had dropped it. He

picked it up and was reeling in the slack, waterlogged line when he heard the sound of a car. It was coming from Ferme Javelle. It appeared after a minute—a shabby roadster driven by a hatless man in a tweed overcoat with the collar turned up. He glanced down as he drove over the bridge, saw Henry, and pulled up. He got out of the car and walked down along the bank, looking at Henry curiously.

"Fishing, Monsieur Bow?"

"Just collecting a rod I left here," Henry said. He smiled, but there was a slow, sultry thud in his chest. "Sometimes," he said, "it can be—unsafe to fish."

"Thank God," Paul Sauvagnac said, "that it turned out all right for you today at the hearing. Of course it was bound to—I never had a doubt. Still, a bad business for you, the whole affair."

"Worse for Madame Roger," Henry said. He detached the reel, put it in his pocket. "How is she?"

"I've just driven her and Trante home from the hearing," said Sauvagnac. "She's all right." He was silent for a moment, then said with sudden passion, "I'd like you to know that you've nothing in the world to reproach yourself with. Roger was rotten through and through—no loss to anyone. What's happened will mean a new life, a chance of real happiness at last, for Hélène—and Colette."

Henry twisted the top joint free. "I hope it may prove so," he said.

"It will," said Paul Sauvagnac, and drew in his breath, audibly. "Good-by, Monsieur Bow."

"Good-by," Henry said. He didn't offer his hand. He couldn't bring himself to do it. It was perhaps better, after all, not to know.

But he saw Sauvagnac's hand extended. He looked, then, at the resolute, tired face of the man, the brown, deep-set eyes. He took the hand, closing his own wiry fingers hard on it.

"Good-by, Dr. Sauvagnac," he said, and his spirit soared as though a great weight had been lifted from it. "Good luck," he said. He stood tall and a little stooped, in his leather jacket and disreputable fishing hat, watching Sauvagnac climb the bank. "Dr. Sauvagnac?" he called suddenly.

The doctor turned.

"Has Trante, by any chance," Henry said, "got a broken finger?"

"Why, yes," Paul Sauvagnac said. "I noticed it as we were driving back today. I've just set it for him. Why? Did he show it to you first?"

"You know how it is," said Henry apologetically. "Some of these country people will consult anybody but a doctor."

HE WATCHED Sauvagnac get into his car and drive off, and as the hum of the motor faded he went up the bank and tossed the joints of the rod into the jeep. He looked back across the river. The light was fast fading; the murmur of the fall had taken on a deeper note. There was one trout still rising—stubbornly, mockingly. There always was. But Henry Bow was thinking of Hélène. He had got what he had come back for—a memory of one who should be always for him, with her profile fine-drawn, candlelight in her eyes, her deft and gentle hands, of good report.

He got into the jeep. As he drove off it occurred to him that perhaps he had a line for research on D'Arzac now, a definite theory on which to work. It could be that the Chevalier Bayard hadn't been so far wrong when he had said of his friend, "The whole story has not been told." It was all a long time ago, of course. Still, Henry could quite see what might have happened. ★

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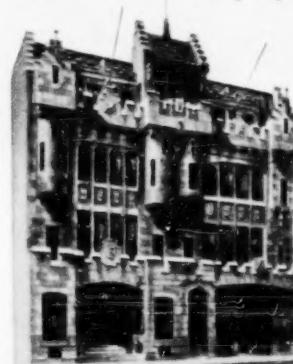
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One out of every three dollars we Canadians earn comes to us as a result of foreign trade. This campaign is designed to help all Canadian industries and, consequently, to help put money in the pockets of every Canadian citizen.

Nature has endowed our country with an almost limitless supply of valuable resources. Properly used and converted to manufactured goods, these resources can carry our nation to unprecedented greatness. But first, the peoples of other lands must learn of the prestige and quality of Canadian products.

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The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being produced and published throughout the world.



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There is a field for almost anything one can think of, and anyone with a willingness for hard work has a good chance to achieve success", says Donald J. Smith, President of Hornet Industries Limited, Guelph, Ontario.

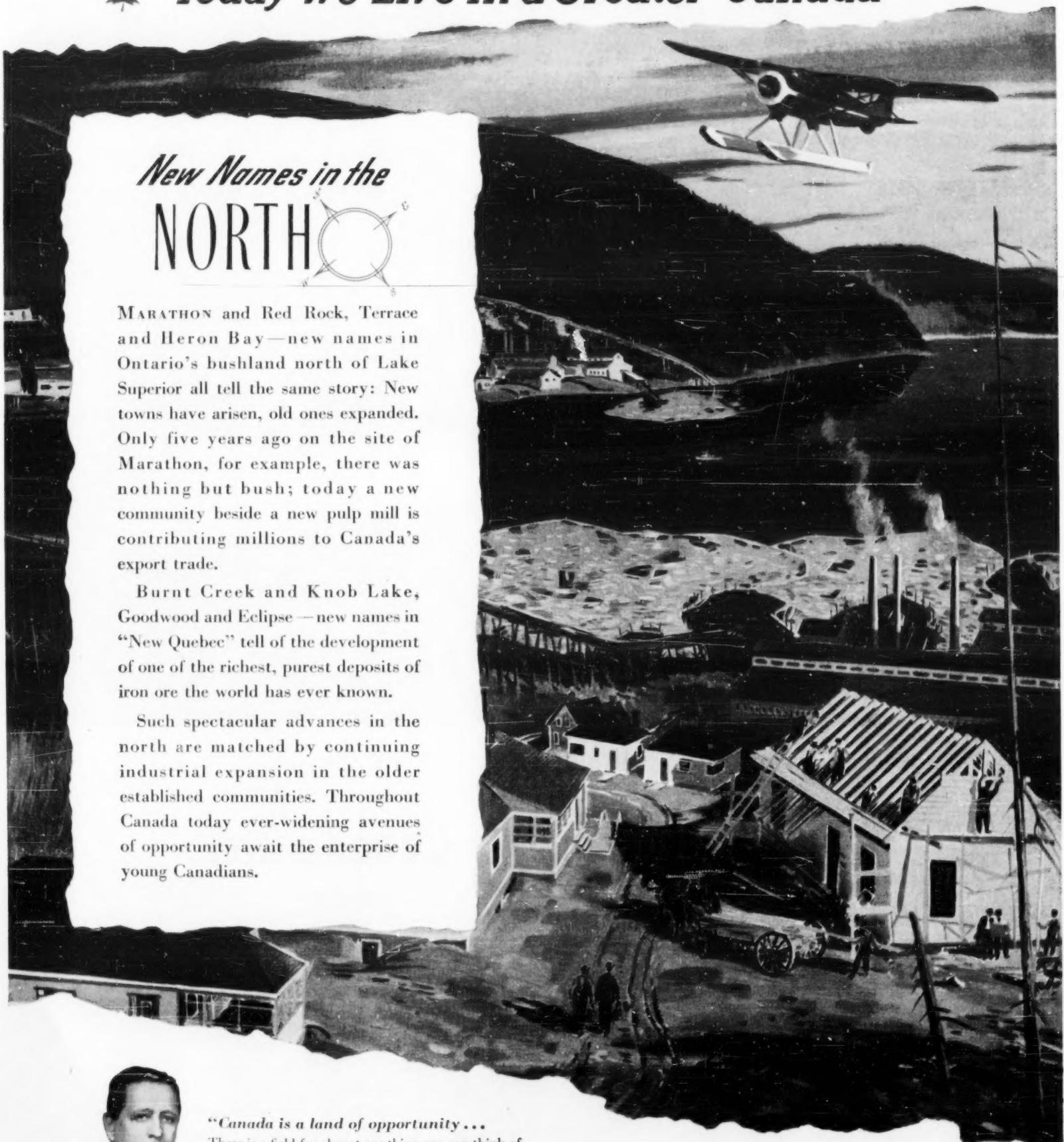
Hornet Industries Limited, which was founded in 1945, has in this short time achieved remarkable success in the manufacture of chain saws and combustion engines. More than half the production of the plant reaches markets outside Canada. From a staff of only a half dozen men in 1945, Hornet Industries Limited has expanded to three plants in Guelph, employing 296 workers.



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Tattlers' Tales

Continued from page 17

duties requested by the President. Congressmen read yards of denunciations of Lieut.-Commander Winchell into the Record. "You'd've thought Walter was with the Jap navy," complained a crony.

Before Winchell became a global kibitzer he used to chase fires, play run-sheepie-run with gangsters, and invent gamy synonyms for romantic events. Winchell's people made *whoopee on the Hardened Artery* (Broadway), became *that way or uh-huh* about each other, *middle-aisled* it, became *welded or sealed, infanticipated* or had *blessed events*, then they *curdled* or went *phfft*, followed by *Reno-vation*, or divorce.

Few gossips are able to throw off an occupation disorder that strikes in middle age: they get second sight and become political pundits. Winchell intervened in politics with a crash of kettledrums about a decade ago. His campaign against Hitler is historic. Chafing under his publisher's pussyfoot policies in 1940 he wrote a daily anti-Hitler column for the liberal paper PM, signing it "Paul Revere," the name of the man who warned the colonists of the American Revolution. The White House heard the strident voice and confided in him the Rooseveltian strategy to aid Britain. The President's alter ego, Harry L. Hopkins, fed Winchell items. The king of gossips helped mobilize the people for the realities when they came.

Winchell, an ex-vaudeville hooper, found himself playing The Palace. He does not want to relinquish his new playing time. No absurdity or loud alarm is too much if it serves to prove that he is still a big-timer. His broadcasts are sprinkled with phrases such as "some of us who know" and "listen carefully, please," to introduce statements such as "The danger of World War III is greater than it ever was." By this he means it is greater than it was on his last broadcast. In show business you've got to keep topping yourself.

He Can Make Millionaires

Today Winchell's villains and heroes tend to be strictly Grand Old Opry. The all-time leading man is Franklin D. Roosevelt, followed by J. Edgar Hoover, the policeman, Bernard Baruch, who does character parts, and Winston Churchill. Winchell's daily melodrama swarms with heavies, who outnumber the good guys 10 to one. Ernest Bevin leads even Joe Stalin among the baddies. Winchell's penalty box also holds hatchet columnist Westbrook Pegler, Charles A. Lindbergh, Thomas E. Dewey, and Herbert Hoover. High on the *Index Winchellus* are national magazines and writers who have offended him biographically. He has a running vendetta against the New Yorker, which once "profiled" him. In that case Winchell had the biographer, St. Clair McKelway, deported from New York's Stork Club which rose to fame through Winchell puffs.

Nobody could replace Winchell, who is now 52. He has no assistant, although Rose Bigman, his secretary, conducts much of his routine business. His fluctuating group of palace guards know only snatches of his affairs. Winchell writes every word of his column himself, or rather rewrites and edits material flowing in from pipe lines. Three quarters of all syndicated gossip comes from press agents who are strictly responsible for spelling and authentic atmosphere. When Winchell dies the most powerful puff agency in

the world will pass with him. Winchell plugs for a book, movie, play or personality can guarantee its success. He was the only writer to praise "Hellzapoppin." His avalanche of plugs for the Olsen and Johnson opus has been credited with making them millionaires.

The columnists have become newspapers within newspapers, and several have become more powerful and independent than the publishers who print them. Winchell has won from the Hearst papers a contract which absolves him from the responsibility for libel. He does not commit libel very often. In 1944 he paid the National Maritime Union \$9,000 out of court to avoid libel action on his assertion that merchant seamen were putting emery dust in ships' engines.

A 1938 critic, writing in New York Panorama, said that Winchell "invented a private vernacular for the double purpose of enlivening gossip and avoiding libel." A court could get hopelessly confused trying a divorce case on the basis of the charge that the respondent was "uh-huh" about a chorus girl. Winchell's sensations are safe legally because courts will not uphold libels against nations, politicians never sue and café society persons are pathetically grateful for being slanged in print.

Mr. Kiepura, Are You a Ham?

Ten years ago Winchell encouraged a young lawyer, Leonard Lyons, when he began gossiping in the N. Y. Post. Lyons' copy is anecdotal; he tells jokes involving big names. His legal training spares him libel suits, but naive errors in general knowledge sometimes appear in his stint.

Few of the gossips employ copy-readers to catch their boners. Last year Lyons ran an item about the U. S. Ambassador to Canada, who was said to be hunting a heavy coat to wear in Toronto. The reader had to believe Lyons thought Toronto was the capital of Canada. He is also under a slight misapprehension about Ernest Bevin. A recent squib went, "Winston Churchill will stay here only a week, because Ernest Bevin has decided to come to America at almost the same time, and Mr. Churchill doesn't want his stay to conflict with that of the Prime Minister."

Lyons works as hard as a legman on a big-town paper, shuttling around night clubs with a notebook four or five hours a night. He is personally popular in the trade. His style is prolix: recently he used 50 words to tell a story which his colleague Earl Wilson reported in 16. And Wilson managed to jam two additional facts into his morsel.

Earl ("I am Gazing into my Eight Ball") Wilson rose in the tattle trade by bodice-peeping. Among his earlier endeavors: teaching Sunday school in Ohio. With a strong peasant sense of humor he specializes in the brash interview, but suffers like a bumpkin when he brazenly his way up to a celebrity table.

In the interests of journalism Wilson once turned to Jan Kiepura, the Polish tenor, in the middle of dinner and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Kiepura, are you a ham?" Wilson has also been given a permanent wave, worn men's girdles, flown an airplane, asked Molotov how to pronounce vodka, attended a massage given to Miss Billie Boze under a towel and carried a cane on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday. "All," he says, "for my Art."

Drew Pearson's paragraph pasture is Washington, D.C., where the clover is not rich enough for more than one grazer. The size of Pearson's circulation is a state secret: he may have 75 papers. His only competition is a



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young open-field runner named Tris Coffin. Coffin was recently struck with a plate of senatorial restaurant bean soup by an indignant paraphe. This may provide useful impetus to his career.

Recently Pearson provoked President Truman into his now-famous "S.O.B." retort. The columnists immediately formed a hollow square around Pearson. Leonard Lyons told Mr. Truman he was subverting parental discipline in the Lyons penthouse: the four small Lyons sons might say naughty words and cite the President as a precedent.

Drew Pearson also works the radio. He does a scary imitation of a tabernacle preacher calling down fire and brimstone on the political sinners. The Sunday-night radio listener gets both Pearson and Winchell, and is wringing wet with fright afterward. If he wants calomel poured on his wounds he turns to Louella Parsons. Sunk in Aunt Lolly's bosom the listener harks drowsily to her homely language, which is a cross between that of a police matron and Mrs. Malaprop. (She recently said something made her "nauseous.")

As a Hollywood gossip for the Hearst newspapers Louella is the Great White Mammy of the film factories. She lays down Hollywood's rules of comportment. She orders novice players to "stay out of night clubs, publicity columns and so forth." (What she could mean by "publicity columns" are any columns except hers.) Miss Parsons holds office as police matron by consent of the studio chiefs. "Louella will tell on you" is a dread warning in Hollywood.

Miss Parsons' all-time *bête noire* is Orson Welles, who got off on the wrong foot at the beginning of his film career by making "Citizen Kane," which Louella thought too closely paralleled the life of her employer, Mr. Hearst.

Hedda Hopper, Louella's chief rival, does not have her menacing moral tone; Miss Hopper's animosities are sometimes merely catty.

The society tattler of the Hearst newspapers is Igor Cassini, who came to notice when he was tarred and feathered several years ago in Virginia. After this promising start he soon forged ahead in the gossip field. Sometimes Cassini's message bursts the bonds of the society page and vaults right on to page one. An instance was a recent saloon interview with one "Eduard von Rothkirch," who told Cassini that he was the leader of 20,000 underground fighters" in the Soviet Zone of Germany. They were armed with "heavy artillery, tanks and light motorized equipment."

It was a first-class scoop. The N. Y. Journal-American played it three-column on page one with a picture of Cassini admiring his interviewee. "Von Rothkirch" divulged that he was a direct descendant of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, which gave the story a society angle. Cassini's new Barbarossa said he had snuck into Germany 10 times recently to rally his troops, and that Stalin had posted 10 million gold roubles for his capture.

A week later a land mine went off under Cassini's generalissimo when a working newspaperman, Ted Poston of the N. Y. Post, checked around a little. He established that "Von Rothkirch" was a Minnesota youth named Edward Tkach, who had been having Hitlerian delusions for some years to the amusement of his schoolmates. The State Department doubted that Tkach had ever been in Germany. He was going to high school in Minnesota at the time Cassini had him fighting for Franco in the Spanish Civil War.

The point of this tale is not that columnists are the most gullible section of the press, but that, if Cassini had restrained his hero worship and covered "Von Rothkirch" as a column item, nobody would have checked. An older and wiser head than Cassini also believed Tkach: Drew Pearson was first to ballyhoo his cops-and-robbers yarn.

The gossip kings keep their thrones on the strength of their courtiers, the publicity touts. Pressing the publicity men from the other side are their clients, who sometimes pay only by the published item: \$25 for a Winchell plug, \$15 for Earl Wilson, \$10 for Leonard Lyons, etc. One unhappy publicist labored so strenuously converting a glum night-club proprietor into a leading wit that he lost his reason and could never produce items again. He had produced \$755 worth of epigrams when he blew up.

The gossips are obliged to work in night clubs, and it is outside those doors that much of the world's affairs are conducted. It seems they are not avid readers of the daily papers. The average observant person is often surprised at what the gossips consider surprising. Winchell tipped off the country recently that the Czech Government was so industrially desperate it was trying to sell goods to the U. S. Several months before this the Czech Government had held a large trade exhibition in Rockefeller Center, the tourist mecca of the big city.

In the same broadcast Winchell gave clues to the "mystery tune" of a give-away radio show. Five days before the full name of the tune had been spelled out in a nationwide news story, printed in thousands of papers. ★



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Five Men of Destiny

Continued from page 14

determined to succeed Attlee as the next Socialist leader and, if the party is returned to power, he means to be the Prime Minister. He is a most skillful politician, his influence over the party is strong, and he never takes his finger off the pulse of public opinion.

Yet, like Macbeth, he sees a bloody vision before him. Wherever Morrison turns he encounters the ghost of the unmurdered Chancellor. Like Macbeth he must almost feel like crying out: "Cripps hath murdered sleep."

You would have been fascinated if you could have studied Morrison's face during the sensational budget speech of Sir Stafford Cripps in April of this year. The lean Chancellor of the Exchequer was not only in splendid voice but he was in his most Cromwellian mood. Without mercy he destroyed the sacred beliefs of Socialism one after another:

"It is no use expecting to finance social services by taxing the rich."

"I shall make no further increases in food subsidies but will, on the contrary, permit the rise of retail prices for meat, butter and cheese."

"If necessary we shall introduce a special tax to help finance the National Health Service in order to make the people more economical in its use."

Herbert Morrison must have felt like throwing in the sponge or even hurling a bomb. Elections were to take place the next day for the London County Council, that Socialist fortress which Morrison had built up through the years, and here was the Chancellor saying to the people that he could only

offer them blood, sweat and tears.

To have declared, as the Chancellor did, that there must be no increases in wages for another year, but that there would be an increase in the cost of living—and then to say that light French wines would be cheaper... There has been nothing like it since Marie Antoinette said that if bread was scarce the people ought to eat cake.

The result was inevitable. The Socialists went crashing down in all directions in the County Council elections.

Cripps remains quite unperturbed. He sees himself as the savior of his country and if, like Joan of Arc, he is eventually burned at the stake he will not cry out against the people. But he remains aloof, austere, a man who wants nothing for himself and sees no reason why others should not be similarly rigid.

He will be 61 when the general election is fought. Since he has no dissipations and seems incapable of fatigue he must have many formidable years before him. And remember he has one more budget before the country goes to the polls. Even the austere Saint Cripps might see the wisdom on that occasion of distributing a few lollipops to the people.

Strangely enough Cripps is at one end of a political axis. The ebullient Aneurin Bevan is at the other. What a combination of opposites! What a formidable partnership!

The Champagne Bolshevik

Cripps was born of good Yeoman stock, being educated at Manchester and Oxford. His father was created Lord Parmoor, and Stafford became a corporation lawyer earning £20,000 a year and joined Ramsay MacDonald's Socialist Government as Solicitor-General.

Aneurin Bevan was the son of a Welsh miner. Because of the remorseless hereditary system in the mines Aneurin went down to the pits as a boy. His life was hard, his outlook bleak, and he had a stutter which caused him much embarrassment. Yet he became a great talker and succeeded in talking himself to the surface. He became a union official and harangued the miners with fiery eloquence.

His hero was his fellow Welshman Lloyd George. Whenever he got the chance he sat at the master's feet and watched the Welsh Wizard's tricks. He entered Parliament and after a time his liveliness and quick wit got him into fashionable houses in Mayfair. He was frequently a guest at Lord Beaverbrook's and I always enjoyed his tempestuous disagreements with his host.

Bevan liked good champagne, which caused a malicious wit to refer to him as "the Bollinger Bolshevik." That was enough for the coming man of destiny. He dined no more at the homes of the rich.

Bevan has organizing ability. He is a first-rate parliamentarian. He has eloquence and irony. What is more, he is a brilliant tactician. Thus in the war he fastened on Churchill as his target. At times he was the only voice that dared to speak against the great man and he was howled down again and again. But Bevan said to himself: "At least I am in the ring with the champion." He had not studied Lloyd George for nothing.

Therefore, when he made a mad-dog speech in which he said that the Conservatives were worse than vermin, he knew that he would draw the hatred of his opponents and the frenzied loyalty of the extreme left wing of the Socialists. His indiscretions are carefully calculated for he intends to wait

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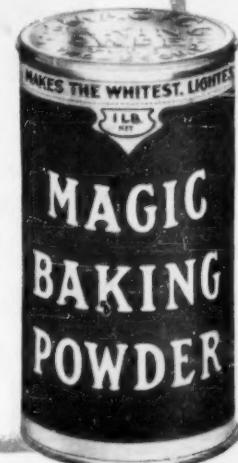
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or 1 1/2 cups sifted hard-wheat flour	4 eggs, separated
2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder	1/4 cup cold water
	1 cup fine granulated sugar
	1 1/2 tsps. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Beat egg yolks thick and light; gradually beat in the cold water and 2/3 cup of the sugar; beat constantly for 4 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining 1/3 cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture stands in peaks. Add flour mixture to yolk mixture about a quarter at a time, folding lightly after each addition just until flour is incorporated; fold in vanilla. Add meringue to yolk mixture and fold gently until combined. Turn into two ungreased 8" round cake pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. Immediately cakes are baked, invert pans and allow cakes to hang, suspended, until cold (to "hang" cakes, rest rim of inverted pan on 3 inverted egg cups or coffee cups). Put cold cakes together with sweetened crushed strawberries; top with lightly-sweetened and flavored whipped cream and garnish with whole strawberries.



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Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1949

his time until he becomes the leader and Prime Minister of the Extreme Left.

In the meantime he is willing and glad to make common cause with the immaculate Sir Stafford Cripps. He even pledged his support to Cripps' bombshell budget although it attacked all that Bevan holds dear. He will be 53 years of age at the next general election and he can afford to wait.

How does Herbert Morrison view all this? Ever since the Socialists came to power Morrison has moved steadily toward the centre. He believes that Socialism can only survive and prevent the rise of Communism if it can command the support of the middle classes. In other words, he visualizes the movement as becoming one of Liberal Socialism. While the Liberal party is smashed and done for there remains a considerable Liberal vote—and he woos it with the ardor of a troubadour beneath a balcony. Morrison will be 62 when we fight the next election, but he has learned to conserve his strength and is a most likable as well as formidable figure.

His father was a Cockney policeman, and when a baby, through carelessness or accident, he lost the sight of one eye. With such an affliction and with such humble origin his achievements must be regarded as remarkable.

Morrison opposes Cripps' austerity with a warm, cheerful humanity. His sense of the Commons is remarkable. Not even Stanley Baldwin had a better understanding of its sudden moods.

Too Old at 75?

Now I must in a short space turn to the Conservatives who are at last convinced that they will win the next election. As you may have heard, their leader is Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill and descended from the great Duke of Marlborough.

Autocratic, benign, brilliant, unpredictable, ironic, sentimental and completely human, he is at once the

party's glory and its headache. He believes profoundly in democracy and is at heart a dictator. His loyalties sometimes overcome his judgment, his sense of the dramatic often leads him from the dull straight line of logic—but his are the tallest antlers in the forest! I must repeat what I have said before that those of us who have sat with him in Parliament will gain some small measure of immortality merely because we were there.

When the Conservatives march against the Socialists next year Churchill will be 75 years of age. Well, Clemenceau was called to save France when he was 80. Disraeli fought his last election when he was 76, and Gladstone was 83 when he formed his last Government. Nevertheless a Prime Minister at 75 must think about his successor.

My own belief is that the nation will rally to Churchill and that even his opponents will be glad to hear his voice ring out once more with that authority which only he can command. But his reign will be limited by the remorseless metronome of the years.

Thus, finally, we come to Anthony Eden; son of the seventh baronet, educated at Eton and Oxford, a brave young officer in the first war, a man of splendid character but lacking the divine spark of oratory. He will be 54 when the election comes, and in politics that means youth.

Eden has no enemies. He fights but never brawls, he has a natural dignity which never becomes pomposity, he is clear thinking and a first-rate parliamentarian but he lacks passion. Yet perhaps what we need most at the head of our affairs is a man who keeps his judgment clear of emotion. His future seems assured and we must count him a man of destiny.

So there is the list of the Big Five in British politics—a mighty descendant of an all-conquering duke, a son of a policeman, a lawyer with the spirit of Cromwell, a boy from the Welsh pits, a descendant from aristocrats. *

Glamour Can Be Hard On Your Eyes

Continued from page 20

with inferior brands. In Canada there are no government standards. Your only protection against possible temporary eye damage from faulty sunglasses is to learn what they should do to protect the eyes adequately, and how to select them.

Oculists warn that even a well-made pair, improperly used, can be as harmful as a poorly constructed pair. They say the greatest harm caused by sunglasses comes from wearing them too much.

Some fashion-crazy women wear dark glasses all the time—indoors, at night, even when there isn't enough sunlight to make an owl blink. Their eyes, always peering into a darkened world, adapt to dim light and become so sensitive they shy away from normal light.

The best advice is: on the beach, on the golf links, on the highway, if the sun is so bright that your eyes are uncomfortable, put on your sunglasses; at other times wear them in your pocket.

And before you buy, ask an oculist or an optician to recommend a good brand. He'll tell you to buy a brand turned out by a reputable optical firm, not by the fly-by-nighters or by firms that turn out sunglasses as a sideline.

But the eye is a much stronger organ than most people realize. If you don't

wear sunglasses for more than an hour or two at a time you can probably use the poorest 19-centers on the market and still suffer no discomfort.

The person who finds the need for wearing sunglasses for longer periods should be on guard when buying. Unless the lens is made of high-quality optical glass and ground and polished with microscopic accuracy it is almost certain to contain minute bubbles, scratches and surface waves which distort rays passing through.

"Eyestrain from this source can cause toothache, backache, irritability and nervousness," an oculist reports. "I have even had patients who thought they had stomach ulcers, but the nausea and pains were the result of eyestrain after wearing cheap sunglasses for long periods."

Many sunglasses fail to cut out certain of the sun's rays which are potentially harmful to the eye. These rays come in different sizes—or wave lengths—and appear as different colors. Violet is the shortest visible wave (1/67,000 of an inch long), red the longest. But the sun's radiation also contains invisible rays of shorter wave lengths below the violet and longer wave lengths above the red; the ultra-violet and infra-red rays.

The visible light rays do no harm to a healthy eye, although when extremely bright they can cause discomfort and interfere with vision by "dazzling" us. But ultra-violet and infra-red can cause trouble.

Overexposure to ultra-violet can
Continued on page 46

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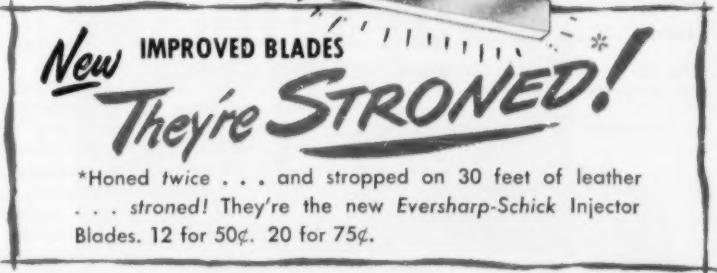
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Continued from page 44
cause an inflammation of the outer eye tissues similar to sunburn, and may cause a temporary clouding of sight. The more penetrating infra-red rays constitute 60% of the sun's energy and are thus more dangerous to the eye than ultra-violet. Infra-red causes the same inflammation as ultra-violet but may also penetrate farther and damage the very delicate retina—the innermost membrane which acts as a film plate and records what the eye sees.

Symptoms in an eye damaged by these invisible rays are redness, burning, itching, a feeling of "sand" in the eyes and, more rarely, the blind spots. If the injured eye is allowed to rest the damage ordinarily corrects itself.

So, if sunglasses are to provide complete eye protection for long periods the lens must cut out most ultra-violet and infra-red rays. The ultra-violet is no problem. Any colored glass and even ordinary window glass absorbs these and you couldn't buy sunglasses that would not give protection. But it's a different story with the infra-red. Many sunglasses not only fail to stop infra-red rays, they may increase the amount allowed into the eye.

The size of the eye's pupil is influenced by the brightness of the *visible* light, enlarging in darkness and contracting in bright light to admit just the illumination required. Inferior sunglasses may cut the visible light 50% or more, the pupil reacts by enlarging, but the infra-red rays sizzle through the lens unimpeded and the artificially enlarged pupil admits more of these harmful rays into the eye than if no sunglasses were worn at all.

How to Test Your Lenses

In Canada's latitude the danger of infra-red burning of the eye is much less than in the tropics where sunlight is more intense. In fact, most oculists state that infra-red injury can occur in Canada only through looking directly into the vicinity of the sun or through the wearing of very dark sunglasses for a long time. If you intend wearing your sunglasses a great deal a pair should be selected that will protect against infra-red.

There are simple layman tests for telling good sunglasses from bad. Hold a pair about a foot from your face, close one eye and look through one lens at a time at the store windows across the street. Now move the lens back and forth or up and down, an inch each way. Do the objects across the street appear to move slightly when you move the glasses? If they do the lens is imperfect.

Another test: Look through the lens at a sharply outlined perpendicular line, such as the corner of a building or white window frame. Revolve the lens. Does the line seem to revolve slightly as well? Does it show any bumps, blurred spots or curve at any point as the lens is revolved? If it does those particular sunglasses if worn too long will cause headaches and eyestrain.

Don't be surprised if you examine a dozen or two sunglasses and find none that meets this test. Few except those made by the well-known optical firms will.

But it is impossible without laboratory apparatus to determine whether a colored lens is cutting out infra-red rays. Official sources agree there is only one type of glass that makes a good job of cutting out infra-red, but still allows enough of the visible light through for satisfactory vision. This glass, usually a light bluish-green but occasionally in a new type light brown, is used in ground and polished lenses by the well-known optical firms.

Sunglasses recommended by the

U. S. National Bureau of Standards are priced normally at from \$2 up, but price isn't everything. There is a brand priced about \$5, but their value lies in expensive frames—the lenses are no better than those you would get in a 49-cent pair. Sometimes you can pick up a first-rate pair for 50 cents. Manufacturers of good sunglasses sometimes misjudge fashion and set good lenses in frames that fail to win popular approval, then they have to unload them cheap.

Watch for War Phonies

Watch out for brands masquerading under a war assets stamp. A few U. S. manufacturers are marketing inferior sunglasses and calling them war assets surpluses when they are not.

Distortion of color values is another danger in cheaper sunglasses. Police frequently investigate accidents caused by motorists wearing dark green lenses which blot out red traffic lights. But sunglasses never cause color blindness.

When you come to select your sunglasses you will be shown a type developed during the past 10 years known as Polaroids. These are not all-purpose sunglasses. They are specially designed to break down glare.

But, according to the U. S. Bureau of Standards, most Polaroid lenses cut out only a small portion of the infra-red rays. For yachtsmen, motorists and others who must contend with direct glare they are a valuable glass, but for all-purpose sunglasses the infra-red absorption type are more satisfactory.

Many of us today spend much of our time indoors where the illumination averages about 1/1,000th of bright sunlight (average artificial lighting: 10 foot-candles; bright sunlight: 10,000 foot-candles). So when you go outdoors and suddenly flood your eyes with 1,000 times as much light as they are used to there is no doubt that a good pair of sunglasses will benefit your eyes, improve vision and aid your eye comfort. And for many with weakened, diseased eyes sunglasses are a necessity.

It wasn't until the '30's that Hollywood in its desperate desire to be different saw in dark sunglasses a "disguise" against raving autograph hunters. When the synthetic sirens began to appear everywhere (even in night clubs) behind tinted lenses with flowered and curlicued rims, another fad got rolling.

Dark glasses, once the badge of a blind man, became a fashion designer's bonanza. Cheap brands flooded drugstores and hotdog stands in weird shapes and tints to match every face, complexion and nail polish. Sunglasses for sports, for business, for evening wear appeared.

We are still on this mad merry-go-round. Now girls can get sunglasses with broad temple bars into which colored textiles have been laminated to match the fabric of a dress or bonnet. Or, at \$8 per, they can have temples laminated with dainty lace or with gold stars to match their earrings.

But the industry has not become entirely a burlesque. A small group of the big-time optical firms are directing all their ingenuity toward producing scientifically perfect lenses.

And the two camps sometimes get together. The eye scientists have looked up from their charts of refractive indexes and called in the fashion designers to give them a hand. As a result you can now buy sunglasses with frames to match your nail polish or earrings and the frames will contain a safe set of lenses.

Buy with care and you will get a pair of sunglasses good to look through as well as good to look at. ★

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The quick, easy way to bandage a neck pimple



The City That's Afraid To Be Free

Continued from page 16

wants it and says he is determined to have it, logically it ought to go to Austria, and in the long run the Italians are probably the ones who have the best chance of getting permanent possession. All this gives the place a remarkably low political boiling point, though nothing actually seems to happen.

The real sport here is guessing what is going to happen to Tito, and watching the convulsion which overtook the Communist Party when the Marshal defied the Cominform last year and started the first great heresy since Trotsky. There is virtually no censorship in Trieste (except that the Allied Military Government once banned an obscene weekly called *L'Innocente*, and on another occasion fined an editor \$4,000), so the Communists of all shades come right out and say exactly what they think.

Yugoslavia Running Down

There are 260,000 people in the city of whom 80% are Italian and the rest mostly Slavs. The Communists include nearly all the Slavs together with many Italians, and in all they amount to perhaps a quarter of the population. Many of the Slavs side in a body with Tito. The Italian Communists tend to adhere to the pure doctrine of Moscow and they are dead against the Tito heresy.

A propaganda war of the most bitter kind has thus broken out in the Communists' ranks, and this is all the more painful because, with the shortage of machinery and office space in Trieste, the Communists' papers, together with those of the moderate pro-Allied persuasion, all have to be printed and edited in the same small building. The dazed printer no sooner gets a panegyric of Tito off his press than he has to get to work on a sheet which describes the Marshal as a deviationist liar of the most fascist hue.

In Trieste it is accepted that Tito's breach with Stalin is complete; beyond all healing. Most people (outside the Communists) believe that he cannot develop his own independent socialism. Under the force of the Russian blockade Yugoslavia is steadily running down, week by week, and thus he must make more and more deals with the West to back up those he is already negotiating with the United States, Britain and Italy.

But there is not much sign here of any softening in Tito's outlook to the West. There is a Yugoslav mission in the city, headed by a Dr. Hocevar. A short time ago Dr. Hocevar unbent so far as to invite Allied officers and local dignitaries to a cocktail party on Yugoslavia's national day, but at the periodic business meetings with the British and the Americans his attitude is adamant. Most of our proposals are turned aside with the demand: "You must first admit our police to the city. Yugoslavia must have a share in the government of Trieste."

We have, in fact, no obligation to admit Yugoslavs to the city. Under the peace treaty they were given all of the old Italian province of Istria, including the towns of Pola and Fiume, but they were excluded from Trieste. The treaty went on to provide that the United Nations should appoint a governor to the free zone, and if after 90 days law and order were established then he could require the foreign garrisons to leave.

No governor has ever been appointed. At first we wanted one but

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now the Yugoslavs want a governor and we don't. It has become perfectly obvious that, on the appointment of a governor, the Yugoslavs would remain quiet as mice until the 90 days had run out, and thus the British and American garrisons would be obliged to leave. And that could easily be the moment for the Yugoslavs to pounce on Trieste.

So no governor is likely to be appointed now. Instead, France, Britain and America have declared that they want to see Trieste go back to the Italians. Since March 20 last year, when this declaration was made, the city has been quietly edging itself into the Italian system of economy and local administration.

It's a little sad now to remember all the great hopes there were for Trieste in the beginning, and maybe there is a moral here somewhere for all peace planners. The free zone started out with a promise of \$5 millions from the U. N., and there were other large assets in the way of public buildings, port installations, tramways, and so on. There was an idea that manufacturers would be attracted, and a great part of the trade of the Danube Valley was to flow out through here to the open sea. People talked of casinos and new hotels; and life was to be made secure and free under the disinterested U. N. control.

Shop Window of the West

By last summer all this had been sabotaged pretty effectively by politics. What Trieste had actually got was a deficit which increased week by week (the Italians have to pay this deficit under the treaty); businessmen were scared off; there was a Homeric housing shortage; the Danube Valley had been all but blocked off by the Communists; and the tourists did not arrive.

What has really saved Trieste is a boom in trade with Italy and the Marshall Plan. Under the first year's ERP share-out the city gets \$18 millions, which is enough to hold unemployment down to about 20,000 and give the streets a certain patina of prosperity. People coming in from Austria and the Balkans gaze with wonder at the well-stocked shops. Incidentally, one of the few relaxed moments with Yugoslavia occurred when a formal request was made for permission for the officers' wives to come into Trieste to shop.

Down in the harbor the salvage of the wrecks goes on. They are concentrating at the moment on two 20,000-tonners, the Duillio and the Giulio Cesare, and two small warships the Italians were building for Siam when the war broke out. This month the first keel was laid down in a new shipbuilding program totaling nearly 100,000 tons, and the oil-processing plant at Muggia Bay is beginning to work to capacity. There is on top of this a program of public works largely financed with U. S. dollars, and one way and another it begins to look as if this really is one place ERP is going to put back on its feet.

Most of the British and American soldiers and their families like it here, and they have become, as garrison soldiers always do, part of the accepted routine of the town. They complain a little of a feeling of claustrophobia, as though they were living on an island, and like to get away for a day or two to Venice, about three hours down the coast.

Actually, most of their work now has been taken over by a brigade of *gardes mobiles* recruited from the Triestinos themselves, and trained on the lines of the London metropolitan police force.

It is possible but not easy for a visitor to cross the Iron Curtain into Yugoslavia's slice of the free zone, and some thousands of Triestinos who have business on both sides have actually been granted special passes to go back and forth every day. There are two methods of crossing—either by the bus or by ferry to Capodistria—but for the Yugoslavs coming into Trieste both ways are highly uncertain. Three ferry boats leave Capodistria for Trieste in the morning, but the Yugoslav police don't come down to check the passengers' passes until a few minutes before sailing time. Only a few get through before the boat leaves, and the others rush off to the bus only to find that it has already gone, or the same process is repeated all over again.

Stalin Is Blockading Tito

This is possibly a cruel method of dissuading people from peeping at the luxuries of the West, but probably better than an outright order forbidding them to come into Trieste. Each Yugoslav visiting the city is allowed 300 lire—about 50 cents—for shopping.

Over on the Yugoslav side, especially since Stalin put a blockade on the country, conditions of life have sunk to a point that hardly seems possible, even the way things go in Europe now. The Istrian coast was never exactly luxurious, but now most of the shops are closed since there is nothing to sell, not even things like soap and cigarettes, and practically no meat ever; the road surfaces are cracking up, motor transport has almost vanished for the lack of petrol, and only the young officers of Tito's army seem to have got their heads above an almost paralyzing dreariness and poverty.

But for those people who believe in the old theory that you have only to display colored beads and tomahawks and the natives will come rushing with cries of friendship, it is as well to remember that very few Yugoslavs indeed have elected to cross the border and live in rich Trieste. They may be held down by apathy perhaps, or frightened by the frontier guards. But it is also possible that they have an affection for their homes and a certain faith in Tito, the man who took on the Germans and who does not now appear noticeably cowed by Stalin.

In Trieste, which has been all things to all invaders, it is a little difficult to see where the faith lies. Quite often one is apt to come on a procession bristling with red flags and emblems, a funeral perhaps, or some day of Communist remembrance. It comes winding down between the gaunt grey palaces of the Austrian empire, past a Roman theatre and the old Fascist Casa de Populo which looks like a clinic and is now the office of the Military Government, until it reaches the cathedral at last. And here the procession pauses, the marchers dump their banners and badges on the porch outside, and in a sudden silence file down the nave to receive a blessing. Half an hour later they are out in the street again, waving the flags for Marx and the revolution.

Among all the different loyalties that are shouted out from the newspapers, the hoardings and the public meetings, there is hardly a single voice that asks for independence. Apparently the one thing that the citizens of the free state *don't* want is to be free. Most of them realize that the city, with the inevitability of a barometer, must go the way of the political weather in Europe, and they must attach themselves to whatever side is strongest at the moment. It's too dangerous to be free. ★



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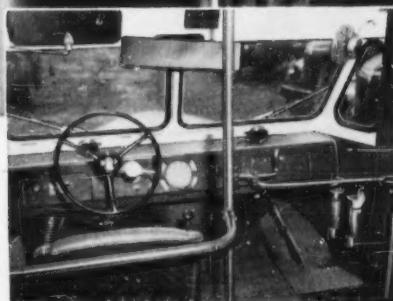
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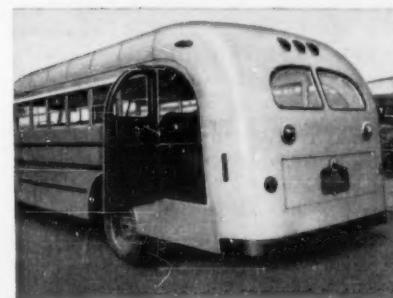
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The Battling Baptist

Continued from page 15

and ministers of all denominations that would fill Massey Hall," Dr. Shields has often said.

Massey Hall will accommodate 2,700 people, but from the Jarvis Street pulpit itself the pastor can look into the faces of 1,500 people on a good Sunday, and most of them are pretty good. Thanks to a public-address system the total listening audience within adjoining church halls and corridors has upon occasion run close to 3,000.

The church stands foursquare upon the northeast corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets in downtown Toronto, its soot-stained stone walls overshadowing the beer parlors which flank it on two other corners of the intersection. Its lofty spire originally towered above one of the finest residential streets in the city, but over the years the residences have been turned into rooming houses and cheap hotels; and the ladies of fashion who once drove up the broad avenue in coach and carriage have been supplanted by less fortunate ladies who sometimes climax Saturday night by a ride in a patrol wagon.

Concerned more with evangelism than social service, Jarvis Street Baptist today draws its congregation from all over the city and lives largely aloof from its surroundings. The same can be said for its pastor, although he has sounded off many times against the steadily increasing number of liquor outlets in the neighborhood. One such session was disrupted by a bartender from a nearby hotel and his mother who turned up in a front seat drunk, disorderly and apparently indignant at the implied threat to the bartender's livelihood.

When the church was being rebuilt after a spectacular fire in 1938 the pastor announced that it would have a new spire because "in the midst of all the beer parlors there should be something pointing upward."

But for the most part Dr. Shields is seen on Jarvis Street only when he strides from the church which pays him \$8,000 a year (out of an annual revenue its pastor says runs about \$135,000 a year) to his car to drive himself the few blocks to his Walmer Road home where he has lived most of his years in Toronto.

Twice married, but without children, the Baptist clergyman has in gardening a waning hobby, in reading one that he still pursues avidly—often until 4 o'clock in the morning.

A Cowboy on the Pulpit

Despite the headlines that have echoed his name for 40 years, Dr. Shields has been known to protest mildly that he has never courted publicity. But once he declared precisely the opposite: "I court the fullest publicity. I wish to speak into the ear of the world." This was on a desperate occasion when his choir leader usurped so much time for music there was only 20 minutes left for the sermon, instead of the hour or more which Dr. Shields feels he needs. Confronted with this and other similar circumstances T.T. has never hesitated to speak up strongly. Yet it is probably necessary to agree with him that "If I had preached 50 years ago exactly as I do today nobody would pay any attention."

Fifty years ago T. T. Shields was preaching the same gospel in smaller charges in western Ontario; he was beginning his ministry in the fine unrelenting Baptist tradition of the

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1949

day, but that day was at eventide. It was after he was called to the big city church in 1910 that he first began to encounter such characters as choir leaders who put music before preaching, and vaunted divines who spoke of the need for a "practical religion"—men who didn't even blink if some heretic suggested that perhaps the whale hadn't, in point of fact, swallowed Jonah.

"I stand where I have always stood," said Dr. Shields, his tiny hooded eyes challenging anyone to contradict him. That stand is squarely upon the Holy Bible and its complete and unquestioned acceptance—from Genesis to Revelations, from the story of the creation to virgin birth, baptism by total immersion, the resurrection and the supernatural ascension of the Son of God to Heaven. In Dr. Shields' sincere conviction all his troubles have stemmed directly from his insistence upon these things in a day when it seems to some people the world is spinning heedlessly toward Hell at the speed of light.

Although Dr. Shields has said that there is no virtue in conflict, he has also added: "If loyalty to Jesus Christ and belief in the word of God is going to divide the church, then I am ready to split every church in the convention clean in two."

It's been a man-sized task, but Dr. Shields has just about pulled it off—witness the record:

1921: Jarvis Street congregation splits; dissenters start new church.

1927: Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec splits; Union of Regular Baptists organized by Shields rebels.

1929: Des Moines University students run Board President Shields off the campus; university forced to close.

1930: Jarvis congregation splits again; another new church starts.

1931: Union group splits; rebels expelled by Shields start Fellowship of Independent Baptists.

1948: Shields' Toronto Seminary splits when dean he fired launches rival school, making off with most of the students and staff, including the chef.

The seminary affair which last December again filled the newspapers with the name and face of Shields (winning one photographer a news picture prize) was still simmering beneath the surface three months later. T.T.'s answers to rumors that his congregation was about to split for a third time and that he would at last be driven from the Jarvis Street pulpit was to share his rostrum with a cowboy evangelist, complete with ten-gallon hat, hand-tooled leather boots, spurs and an electrifying dramatization of Jonah being swallowed by the whale.

After a three-week roundup which had the old Jarvis Street corral packed to the limit the cowboy returned to his American range, leaving Dr. Shields to baptize 37 new converts at a single Sunday evening service. Pending the hoped-for return of the evangelist in chaps, the ageing preacher was himself carrying on the revival services, preaching every week night and twice on Sundays.

Years ago a reporter was sent to show Dr. Shields a letter the newspaper had received from an enemy of the Baptist pastor's, castigating him so venomously that the paper was afraid to run it without the victim's permission.

"Do you know the Royal York Hotel?" T.T. thundered at the startled reporter. "Well, do you think that if a sand fly flew full tilt into the Royal York the hotel would tremble noticeably? Publish all the letters you like!"

His opponents have always given T.T. full marks for imperviousness,

determination and—most of them—sincerity. But many of them are inclined to attribute the storminess of his career not so much to his religious convictions as to an inherent inability to co-operate and an intense dislike of playing anything but first violin.

Recently two Baptist pastors from opposite extremes of the liberal and fundamentalist camps came forward with almost identical explanations of the Shields character: If T.T. had gone to college, played some football and rubbed shoulders with enough other young sprouts he might have had some of the rough edges knocked off and learned how to get along with other people—then he would have become the truly great man and preacher he just barely misses being.

Shields, who was born in Bristol in 1873, took what formal schooling he received in a small English private school where the emphasis was on individual tutoring by Oxford scholars rather than football. He learned much also from his father, an Anglican clergyman who turned Baptist, and "from earliest infancy" he had no other goal than becoming a preacher for there had been preachers in the family for 200 years. He began to write sermons in his teens, even before the family came to Canada, where his father's first charge was at Leamington, Ont.

Young T.T. preached in Dutton (where he was ordained), Delhi, Hamilton and London before receiving the call to Toronto in 1910. Although he is famed for his exhaustive knowledge of the Bible he never attended a theological or other college. His only degrees are two honorary divinity doctorates.

He Revels in a Fight

Memory of the occasion upon which T.T. received the first award (from the Baptist Convention's McMaster University) is still cherished by many who were present, although it happened early in his days at Jarvis Street when he had already begun to snipe at McMaster for being too liberal in its teaching. This was the campaign that was to end in Shields being barred from the convention.

"Some of the senior men in the convention thought a degree would be a fine way to butter him up—but they didn't know Shields!" one man who was there recalls. "In his speech of acceptance he did everything but throw his hood in the faces of the Senate. He told them he was under no illusions as to why they were giving him the degree, and finished by saying if it weren't for fear of insulting them he wouldn't take it—after he'd been standing there insulting them for 10 minutes!"

"But he did accept the honor—and that was just like Shields, too!"

Whether the controversies which punctuate Dr. Shields' career have been courted or forced upon him, there can be little doubt he revels in a good fight once the sides are drawn. A recent and unheadline row within the board of the Baptist Union saw him oppose and defeat a project almost singlehandedly, after threatening to withdraw as president of the union if his opponents wouldn't give in. It was an exhausting session, the type calculated to induce a heart attack, ulcers or both. Yet a visitor to his home that evening found the union's president obviously elated, "walking on air."

Dr. Shields did have what was diagnosed as a heart attack 12 years ago, had another severe bout of illness two years ago, but made an enthusiastic recovery on both occasions.

A dispute involving T. T. Shields is

bound to have certain ritualistic touches long familiar to Toronto newspaper readers. There is the opening gambit of the resignation-on-the-table. (That finished the early fight with the choir leader and organist before the poor man could pull out half his stops.) There is the lifelong member of the church who bitterly denounces his leader's enemies ("What you do to Dr. Shields you do to the Lord Jesus Christ")—and the other member in long standing who joins his leader's bitterest assailants ("When I speak about Dr. Shields I speak about the man who led me to Christ and I believe he's the greatest preacher in Canada, but he's also a liar").

Then there is the three-hour address, complete with hecklers and demands for police assistance to restore order. Then there are the reporters who when barred from secret sessions queue up at the keyholes to overhear loud cries of "Shame, shame!" "dirty sneak" and what one scribe recorded as "ironical laughter."

Apart from the protest meetings called by T.T. himself such engagements are usually accompanied by a host of incidental phenomena. There is the opposition meeting in another church, from which are driven out Dr. Shields' "spies"—court reporters he has hired to eavesdrop verbatim. There are the letters to the editors from the sand flies ("Is there a Nero his equal?") and from his loyal supporters. There is the printed report of the proceedings in which Dr. Shields will "lift the veil" and "throw down the gauntlet." The most ambitious such was a black-bound volume the size of a novel, entitled "The Plot That Failed," giving his side of the 1921 Jarvis Street split.

There is almost always the pastor's own protest of innocence in creating the trouble: "People may say that I am a fighter and a troublemaker, but it is God who has done this thing through prayer." There is, just as inevitably, the pleading protest from his opponents: "We have no quarrel with his doctrine; it is the man in whom the fault lies." And like as not when the veil has been rent and the whole congregation or interchurch group lies asunder, the Shields forces are to be found rallying round their hero to chorus "Blest be the tie that binds."

Hits Hepburn and Catholicism

Undoubtedly the most deeply resented of all T. T. Shields' crusades has been his long-standing campaign against the Roman Catholic Church. In principle the Shields position is simply that church and state should be kept separate. When he believes he has caught the Roman Catholic church trying to expand its separate-school system in Ontario, or high-pressuring the Federal Government to avoid conscription during wartime, Shields just automatically springs to the attack.

Ever since 1936 when then Ontario Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn amended the Assessment Act to give separate schools a larger share of corporation taxes, Dr. Shields has never hesitated to lash out viciously at this rival faith. In his view Hepburn was diverting public money to "propagate Romanism," since the separate school curriculum includes religious subjects. But any fine distinction between political and religious attacks soon became lost.

He called Roman Catholicism "the biggest racket in the world, selling salvation at a price . . ." His windmill battering of the Ontario premier ("vulgar demagogue," "cheap buffoon," "imbecile wisecracker") apparently so stunned the master of nearly

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Follow your whims Fit into the plans Forget about clock-watching

Consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—go, and have fun; even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And during your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't delay meals or curfew. Whatever the plans, you can be comfortable regardless of your

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See what happens when a friend mumbles introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, say so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his monicker's Schneekleritz, he'll expect you to remember—and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet any situation with assurance, "that" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, flat pressed ends don't show; don't cause revealing outlines. So your secret's safe. Let Kotex be your poise-preserver!



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slanderous repartee that in reply he merely suggested Shields was intolerant and "trying to Billy Sunday the people of Ontario."

He mounted the hustings to help defeat Hepburn's man in the East Hastings by-election of December, 1936, but when the Premier thankfully accepted an opposition motion to repeal the Assessment Act three months later Shields was merely suspicious instead of triumphant.

When the war brought the conscription issue forward Dr. Shields expanded his activities. He formed a Protestant League to help him denounce the Roman Catholic influence he claimed he saw at work in national policy, and personally covered almost the whole country lecturing. In Montreal the Windsor Hotel thought better of letting him speak when telephone protests

poured in. Winnipeg city fathers finally let him have the civic auditorium after much debate. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Victoria protested to the Minister of Justice against Shields being permitted to speak on the West Coast.

Meanwhile Quebec's St. Jean Baptiste Society asked the authorities to "analyze" all Shields' speeches; Liguori Lacombe, M.P., demanded Shields be "probed"; and the Quebec Municipal Executive Committee insisted he be interned. Two Ontario towns, Oshawa and Guelph, refused to hear him, but even a stink bomb tossed into his own church hall couldn't shut up the battling Baptist.

Shields isn't the only Protestant who opposes the expansion of separate schools and he certainly wasn't the only ardent conscriptionist during the war.

Yet undoubtedly many such have deplored the Shields thunder-and-brimstone tactics as likely to accomplish far more harm than good.

Dr. Shields has seldom stopped shooting and he has plenty of ammunition left. Ask him today about the currently threatened uprising among the Baptist Union churches, sparked by the seminary walkout, and his shoulders roll back, his big hands move toward his belt and unconsciously he assumes a fighting stance as his eyes take on that haughty, scrappy look. He obviously wouldn't deign to comment on any suggestion that he and his long spotlighted pulpit might soon be parted by earthly events.

Half a dozen years ago he showed clearly his grip on his future when he declared firmly, "I expect to go to Heaven from Jarvis Street." *

The Big Wind From Chicago

Continued from page 7

been told that the British Socialist Government has a finger in Canadian diplomatic affairs; that the British Government forced a Canadian cabinet minister to retract a speech in which he allegedly said British Socialist promises were false. (The Minister, the Hon. C. D. Howe, denied this, as did the British.)

They were told that when President Truman arrived in Ottawa in 1946, on a state visit, Prime Minister Mackenzie King and the Canadian Governor-General Viscount Alexander were in a conspiracy to "touch" the President for a billion-plus loan, to be split between England and Canada. They were told that Canada (i.e., the Canadian Government) put on a drive with the co-operation of Canadian newspapers to "shame" the U. S. Congress into approving the Marshall Plan. This was because Canada expected to make hundreds of millions from the plan.

They've been told that the "so-called" British North America Act is merely a statute written in London by Colonial office experts. (But McCormick himself doesn't agree with his paper's interpretation. In a booklet he wrote in 1945 he said: ". . . in 1864 representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Lower and Upper Canada met at Montreal and prepared the British North America Act.")

They've been told that the British

"sabotaged" the Canadian Supreme Court Act 74 years ago and from that time until this year, when we freed ourselves from Britain's "chains," that Great Britain controlled our courts, laws and constitution. A Tribune story noted that Canada intended to abolish appeals to the Privy Council—and free itself of British "chains." But although the story was available to the Tribune that Parliament had approved the measure, it was not published to my knowledge.

We Get Mockery and Derision

Tribune readers have read that in the Canadian prairie West and in the Maritimes the people object to "Ottawa rule" and talk seriously of secession; that the British "rigged" the Confederation vote in Newfoundland; that Canada is a military ward of the United States; that Canada refused to sell cheap meat to the United States but instead forced it on England.

Particularly in its news columns the Tribune mocks and criticizes and derides any and all Canadian institutions that have any relationship, real or imagined, with Great Britain. For example, the Tribune mocks Lord Alexander as a "ribbon-cutting general"; the King of England (who is also the King of Canada) is a recruiting officer for Empire soldiers; the Royal Family (monarchy) is a circus; the British flag seems to the Tribune to be a drawback to Canada; the "Mother Country" outsmarts Canada in trade deals and Canada loses by helping Britain.

All these attitudes—this "policy" of the Tribune—are contained in its news columns. The general run of editorials, with some exceptions, of course, are friendly toward Canada so long as they deal only with Canada. When Canada is considered as a part of the British Empire then the more biased attitude prevails.

From Ottawa and other Canadian cities, and from its Paris and London bureaus, the Chicago Tribune received and published many strange stories about Canada. There was this one, for example:

"The text of the first 10 amendments to the Constitution of the United States, commonly known as the American Bill of Rights, will be submitted with some slight revisions to the Canadian Parliament for adoption as a guarantee of the rights of Canadian citizens . . . the Canadians at present have no freedoms which their Government is sworn to respect."

In his big spare office 22 stories above famed 42nd Street, in the Daily News building in New York City, I asked the Colonel about that one. Did he believe we had no such freedoms?

"You haven't freedom of the Press in the first place," he replied. "You haven't ever told the story of Hong Kong, or have you?"

I told him yes.

The Colonel shrugged. "It was an outrageous piece of cowardice," he said. "The (British) general should have been court-martialed and shot. Hong Kong was defensible, you know."

The Tribune has repeated time and again with many variations: "Canada hums with talk of tie with U. S." Under this head it carried this:

"Annexation of England and Canada to the United States is proposed or seriously considered in many Canadian circles today, as economic forces pull the Dominion away from Britain and closer to America."

Did the Tribune want annexation of Canada as its paper seemed constantly to suggest in its news columns? I asked the Colonel.

"Canadians and New Dealers," he replied, "are much alike now and might get together." But he didn't believe in annexation.

To "prove" or support its stories about Canada the Tribune constantly quotes minor papers or little-known men. To "prove" that Canadians want a republic, or want to shake off the chains of empire, or get rid of the King, the Tribune quotes "Le Devoir," an extreme nationalist daily published in Montreal, with a circulation of 17,000. By continual quotes from this paper Tribune readers are informed of the progress "subject" Canadian citizens are making, or should make, against the British.

Did We Plot Against McCormick?

I asked the Colonel if he believed, as his paper constantly indicated, that Canadians were still subservient to the British.

"I can't speak for the present moment," he answered, and then went on to say that the British Parliament was still able to "repeal" Canadian laws. This was not changed by the Statute of Westminster, he thought, because the Canadian Parliament "did not enact it, it just accepted it."

Did he believe, I asked the Colonel, that Canadian newspapers played the British line against the U. S.?

"Yes," replied the publisher, "it was built up by the British Foreign Office. They shut down our paper mill at Thorold during the war. I suppose it was Churchill and Roosevelt assisted by your little man up there." He meant former Prime Minister MacKenzie King.

Editorially and in its news columns the Tribune has dealt exhaustively with this "plot" to destroy McCormick's Canadian newsprint supplies.

The Colonel claimed that three fifths of his mill had been shut off by the wartime power ration in 1942 and he claimed that some of this was restored after protests by both U. S. and Canadian dailies. Most Canadian paper mills were affected by wartime restrictions, but the Tribune thundered mightily against what it claimed was deliberate discrimination by Tribune-hating politicians in Ottawa. It has never been established whether there was actual discrimination, but in any event the Tribune company's paper output was increased to some extent.

I referred the Colonel to a report in the Tribune saying there was a "six-year-old policy of Canadian politicians always attacking the Chicago Tribune as anti-Canadian and anti-British." Did he believe that?

"The British Press all over the world acts on a common impulse," he said, swerving from the point. "I have no doubt it is the same in South Africa (as in Canada). You find that everywhere there are British newspapers, whether it's Hong Kong or Australia or anywhere else. It's a universal custom and it must be inspired somewhere, either in the Foreign Office or the Colonial Office. The similarity of their untruthfulness affords no other explanation."

The Colonel's phobia about England is not easily traced. It is said that he was snubbed when he was sent to an English public school as a boy, and that this has rankled throughout his life. The fact that Joseph Medill, one of the first great editors of the paper, was anti-English may also have contributed something to Col. McCormick's attitude.

When President Truman came to Canada the Tribune readers were told: "Report Truman Faces 'Touch' on Trip to Canada."—A British plan to obtain another U. S. loan by working thru Canada will be helped by President Truman's state visit to Ottawa next month . . . The strategy the British have worked out with Towers, it is said, is that Washington will sympathize with Canada's need and appeal to President Truman to recommend another loan to Britain."

The correspondent said that Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada, was going to Washington first to explain "that the British are too proud to ask for (a loan) themselves."

Did the Colonel believe all that, I asked him.

He "certainly" believed it. He didn't think that "British" papers would carry such a story because it was a "British idea" only to tell the readers what the Government thought they ought to know. (No loan was sought or made at that time, although Britain was able to buy eventually with ECA funds.)

Atlantic Pact—Just U. S. Protection

Did he believe that the British had "rigged" the Confederation vote in Newfoundland, as his paper had suggested?

Yes, he did. London, the Colonel said, had given "some small honors" to the Confederation leaders in the island province. "They put them at the tail end of the peerage," he said.

Did Col. McCormick believe that, given the opportunity, Newfoundlanders would have voted to become a state of the Union, as his paper indicated?

Newfoundland, said the Colonel, wanted to enter commercial negotiations with the U. S. but that "our State Department, which is a branch of the British Foreign Office, opposed it."

He also agreed with his reporter who had written that Britain and Canada

were not strong enough to defend Newfoundland.

"That's what the Atlantic Pact is about," said the Colonel. "The Atlantic Pact is a number of words which say 'American protection.' That's all the pact means. We don't need protection." (In Chicago I was told that in the seven basements of the Tribune Tower special air-raid shelters have been fitted up and stocked with food, and preparations made to publish the Tribune underground.)

Col. McCormick has complete confidence in his chief Canadian correspondent, Eugene Griffin, a youngish man who graduated from the rewrite desk in Chicago with a sharp sense of news and, presumably, a knowledge of his paper's policies. He has been damned several times by Canadian politicians although, in his time, he has written many eminently fair stories about Canada.

The Chicago Tribune carries far more Canadian news than any other U. S. newspaper. When I asked him why his paper paid so much attention to Canada, McCormick replied that he had sent a correspondent to Ottawa because he considered the Press service was bad. "The Canadian Press and the Associated Press gave us ridiculous service," he said. "Story after story was muffed."

Didn't Like Our Split Army

Talking about his news reports the Colonel suddenly said to me: "You are just like the English. They send people over here with special preconceived ideas of the story to be written, not to obtain the facts and then write the story." He recalled that Charles Dickens had visited the midwest U. S. and had written a "terrible" story about the little town of Cairo, Ill. That story, said the Colonel, had so injured Cairo that it was not developed properly at the time and St. Louis, Mo., had left it behind.

I interrupted him. "If you want to state your feelings about Canada I'll assure you that we'll print whatever you say."

"Well," said the Colonel, "perhaps I can speak only in a negative way. Canada has never done anything I consider objectionable. It has never pressed anyone for anything." (He had apparently forgotten his remarks about the Truman loan; about the conspiracy to shut down his paper factory.) "As new territories were added they were given status equal with old Canada. Canada certainly furnished good soldiers, although dividing the Canadian Army and sending it to Italy and France was not to my liking."

Colonel McCormick inherited his newspaper and some of his wealth but compared with his present-day holdings this was a small beginning. For more than 30 years he has fought hard competition in his home city of Chicago, regarded as one of the toughest newspaper cities of America. He fought and won circulation wars with such mighty foes as W. R. Hearst. He fought countless court actions, including a suit for \$10 millions brought against him by the City of Chicago at the instigation of Mayor William (Big Bill) Thompson. McCormick won that one and most of the others.

According to the paper's own estimate it stands at the "head of all American newspapers in prestige, circulation, advertising lineage, leadership and influence." The Tribune's circulation is almost a million a day, compared with the New York Times' 543,000 and the New York Herald Tribune's 320,000. These three are standard-size newspapers and their circulation does not equal the New



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It's bound to be a "Good Morning"—when you serve delicious, hot-and-fragrant Cinnamon Buns for breakfast. They'll win you plenty of praise . . . made with Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

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thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.

2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.

3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

CINNAMON BUNS

Makes 2 1/2 dozen

Measure into large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal

Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

1 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1/4 teaspoons salt

6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs

Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk.

While dough is rising, combine

1 1/2 cups brown sugar

(lightly pressed down)

3 teaspoons ground cinnamon

1 cup washed and dried seedless

raisins





SID FIELD

Mr. B. Crosby Considers Mr. S. Field
To Be The Best Comic In The Business



Shades of Oliver Cromwell! Shades of Mack Sennett, the one-time Quebec farm boy!

The spirits of both pervade one new film, CARDBOARD CAVALIER.

★ ★ ★

In this, which is guaranteed historically inaccurate, Sid Field, the great comic with the semi-detached face, plays fast and loose with facts. Margaret Lockwood, co-starred, takes lovely liberties with the role of Nell Gwynne. An uproar in slapstick, CARDBOARD CAVALIER is set in the time of the Roundheads but its comedy comes from all the ages.

★ ★ ★

Sid Field, of course, is the wartime London favorite whom Bing Crosby considers one of the all-time greats.

★ ★ ★

Less broad but very, very funny, according to London's Canadian visitors, is another new film, PASSPORT TO PIMLICO. It is already en route.

★ ★ ★

Heading the cast are two of the finest professional eccentrics on stage or screen, Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford. PASSPORT TO PIMLICO also marks the film comedy debut of Canadian Paul Dupuis.

★ ★ ★

The highly original story deals with an ebullient British community which, briefly but unbelievably, discards all present-day rules, rationing and regulation.

★ ★ ★

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

An Eagle-Lion Release

York Daily News (tabloid) which is an affiliate of the Chicago Tribune and has a daily sale of 2.4 millions.

Unlike many publishers who try to shave costs in the newsroom, the Colonel early recognized that it was news (in his case often manufactured news) that he was selling. Today his newsroom has a budget of \$5 millions a year, nearly \$100,000 a week. His reporters and editors are among the best paid in the world. His sports editor, for example, gets \$50,000 a year.

The Chicago Tribune domain is considered an empire in itself, or a principality. From his skyscraper Tribune Tower in Chicago the Colonel controls 3,000 employees in Chicago and the U. S.; and some 10,000 Canadians depend on the payrolls of his various pulp and paper operations in Ontario and Quebec for their major income.

The Tribune and the New York

Daily News have acquired millions of acres of timber rights in the two provinces. The Tribune company owns a fleet of lake vessels to carry Canadian paper to the back door of the Tribune, while chartered vessels supply the Daily News.

Private airplanes and Rolls Royce cars are at the Colonel's command. (He's fond of Rolls Royces even though they're English. In mechanical things he likes perfection.)

But for all its greatness, all its fabulous empire, its enormous wealth and its great circulation, the Chicago Tribune has never yet won a newspaper award coveted by other newspapers. No Pulitzer Prize winners are on the staff.

But it's certainly tops in one field—crackpot spelling. The Tribune says thru and thruout, biografical, burocracy, thoroly, frate (for freight), photograff. (If it were consistent it would

spell photograff as photograph.) The New York Daily News uses foto.

Colonel McCormick was, however, first on the list in a "hall of fame" prepared by Gerald K. Smith, a notorious isolationist preacher. And early this year the Colonel received the Peronista Award for honesty and integrity in journalism from Dictator Juan Peron of the Argentine.

The Colonel believes absolutely and utterly beyond contradiction that he is fighting battles "against the enemies of truth and freedom" and "for America."

"No force on earth ever has been able to swerve the Tribune from its enduring defense of America and the rights and freedoms of the American people," it was proclaimed in the century edition of the Tribune published in 1947. That is the colonel's creed and many of his loyal staff believe with him and in him. ★

Coffee With a Queen

Continued from page 13

balcony above the tanned nurse was taking more sun. The breeze ruffled the fresh spring scents in the air.

The Queen talked of her land, its labor and social aspects; of the best soil for bulb fields—and the beauty of their blossom time; she recalled Canadian occasions; recent skiing holidays in St. Anton, Austria; of spring and the garden.

As she walked through the park again, and across the bright rooms to see me to the door, she said; "You'll see the children at school. You'll be interested."

As I went away I kept thinking of the Dutch claim that their national characteristics are simplicity, naturalness, sense of duty, levelheadedness, dislike of ostentation. And I thought their Queen symbolized it all.

Her Majesty never used such expressions as "The Prince," about Prince Bernhard; or "The Princess" or "Her Royal Highness" about her mother Princess Wilhelmina. It was always, simply, "my husband," or "my mother."

I'd looked up her inauguration address made at the time of her coronation last fall and been deeply struck by the warm simplicity of such phrases as "My dear mother, led by grandmother's love, wisdom and common sense, assumed the heavy task, supported later by father's fine personality . . ." Here spoke the Queen of an empire, of her family close to her, to her people, equally close.

I kept remembering the Queen, walking alone on Ottawa streets, selling in a Red Cross shop, helping at various wartime enterprises, and telling a story about her small daughter Beatrix. Which is this: One day the Queen had gone to the end of the garden to watch for the children coming home from school, and had got to the high hedge just in time to hear Trix say to a schoolmate, "Will you come and play with me today?" The little Canadian boy had answered, "Sure. But I ha' re to ask mummy first. She's particular who I play with."

The simplicity and naturalness that calls up her amused laughter on such occasions, her dignified modesty on others, are deep enough to open to her the homes of her people. She doesn't depend on a minister in striped pants, top hat and heavy portfolio to tell her what the people think.

All Hollanders know that some day there may be a knock on the door and the Queen may walk in, sit down in the kitchen and have a friendly chat. She

has often driven from her palace in a small car, walked down the streets of the university town of Leyden where she herself went to school, stopped in a house beneath the willows by a slowly flowing canal, and had a cup of tea.

"The most remarkable thing," said a woman close to her, "is that after the first few minutes she has been able to make the people so at ease, free them from awe, that they talk to her as to an old friend. I think this is one of her greatest gifts. She can adjust herself so thoroughly to any background that other people are entirely comfortable in her presence."

I agreed completely. I couldn't have felt more at home on a Timagami wharf than I did in the royal gardens of Soestdijk after the Queen came. "But how do you suppose she does it?" I asked.

"Well," said her good friend, "I think it's partly because she wants to. Partly because she really does like people and in doing so doesn't think of herself. And partly because she is so incredibly well-informed on so many subjects that she can always talk interestingly to people about things they are most interested in."

The Queen Might Turn Up

I don't think her knowledge comes only from the fact that she did graduate as Doctor of Law, of Literature and of Philosophy at Leyden, as well as studying Church History, History of the Islam and Adat Law (customary laws in Indonesia) but also from her love of her own land.

The Queen knows (she spoke of it by the pond in the gardens at Soestdijk) the sort of soil tulips grow best in, the sort of fertilizer you should put on polder lands—lands captured from the sea—and the sort of measures that make labor-management relationships easier, or a young criminal into a human being. She isn't book learned only. She's learned by seeing and talking to people firsthand.

She writes her speeches herself. Whatever she says the people of Holland know she thinks.

"You can tell," said a man in Utrecht who knows her, "when a royal pronunciation comes from the Queen. It's to the point. The words are chosen so they have only the direct meaning and not official prevarications. It speaks to your heart. I don't suppose, at any time, she has made a speech she did not write herself."

The Queen's forte is her judgment of people. Apparently she has often made decisions that have amazed and pleased people. She doesn't stick to the strict

line that best families should have the best choices. She judges people by their abilities. She has two secretaries. One is Baron Baud (he made me check on the spelling of his name) who has known her mother too; the other a Miss Henny Sneller, Doctor of Law, who was chosen because of her interest in social welfare. The Queen is deeply interested in this aspect of the nation's life.

She makes unannounced, impromptu visits to youth hostels, to old people's homes, to prisons for young criminals—and if things aren't up to mark the officials hear about it. So everywhere they are kept on their toes. The Queen might turn up at any time. One must be ready for it.

Her day even now, since she took over the duties of state from her mother, centres around her husband ("He can get ever so much more work done than I in half the time") and her daughters. She gets up early to breakfast with the children before they are driven to school, for 9 p.m. opening.

Then, unless there are any official appointments anywhere in the country, she attends to her desk. All government decisions come to her. She answers much of her enormous mail personally. Also, either in the morning, or at early cocktails she receives ambassadors (Canadian Ambassador to The Hague, His Excellency Pierre Dupuy, and General Symonds visited her while I was in Holland) as well as members of her government and visiting dignitaries from other countries.

If possible she tries to have no appointments after four, so as to be free for the children when they come from school. Saturday afternoons and Sundays are also family days.

Knocking on Palace Doors

She gives as much time as possible to her four small daughters. Beatrix, heir to the throne (her name means "she who brings happiness"), was born on Jan. 31, 1938. Second daughter, born, Aug. 5, 1939, was named Irene, meaning "peace," ironically enough, for before she could be baptized the Germans had overrun Holland. Prince Bernhard had taken his wife and family to England and the small girl was baptized at Buckingham Palace. In Ottawa the third princess, Margriet, was born on Jan. 19, 1943, and baptized in St. Andrew's Church. Small Marijke, the one who sings and plays with the Sealyhams in the garden, was born at Soestdijk Palace on Feb. 18, 1947.

Family holidays are customary. The royal family have their own motor yacht and spend many summer week

ends in it. Sometimes the three older girls spend part of their holidays at Kaas Boake's summer camp "Terschelling" and the Queen and Prince Bernhard turn up to see them, like any normal parents when their children are away. The lake lands and canals of Friesland and Zealand are as familiar to them from holidays as their own Soestdijk garden and park.

Always the Queen's interest returns to the children. To Trix with her sturdy manners, her self-confident intelligence, interest in art and writing. To Irene who follows her father as an adept equestrian, has tomboy ability at sports. To Margriet, the elflike small child with wilful humor and quickly aroused sympathies.

Her husband, the Consort Prince Bernhard, is the Inspector General of the Army and the Navy, and shares the Queen's home interests. He brings his friends home, and entertainment is brisk for both Dutch and international friends at whatever palace the royal family is staying.

The most formal of the five main royal palaces is the state Palace on the Dam, in Amsterdam. It is equivalent to Buckingham Palace, and used as the seat for formal and state occasions, for entertaining heads of other states and visiting royalty.

I wandered over there one morning when Amsterdam streets were full of pushcarts filled with tulips, daffodils, narcissus and hyacinths, and bicyclists in thick streams made long life seem improbable. Barges were jostling in the canal of the Rokin and bargemen were throwing their caps in the air as they shouted at one another. I walked across a little bridge from which Rembrandt painted.

A gallery of pillars and arches faces the square of the Dam, and there are a number of doors there. I knocked on all of them, but nobody heard. So I circled the huge place, knocking on every door I found until I came to another big door at the back, facing a busy street. Here was a bell. I rang it.

A tall, lean, jovial character threw open the door, beamed at me and said: "Aha, the lady the Queen sent!"

My footsteps echoed in the halls as we went down their resounding length, by the 300-year-old copper doors I couldn't move by myself, through the marble Court of Justice toward Great Hall. Here, in this vast place, Juliana grew up. I kept trying to see a blond child playing here, but all I could conjure up were striding visions of William the First; the mincing courtiers of Napoleon's brother's reign; the dignified old Queen Wilhelmina whose regality matches the palace.

Here, on the balcony, Juliana of the Netherlands appeared immediately after the abdication ceremony of her mother, and her own coronation, to receive the acclaim of the people.

But it was not that memory of the historic, happy, magnificent day that brought alive to me the Palace on the Dam. It was an incident which happened not so long ago while the royal family was in residence there.

The three eldest children and their grandmother, the Princess Wilhelmina, had been playing in Great Hall. It's quite roomy for play. A hundred feet high, 120 feet long, magnificently marble carved with significant figures, crystal Empire chandeliers hanging from the ceiling that's painted to represent the dome of the sky, and mosaicked into the floor an accurate constellation of stars.

They'd been playing that game where one player turns her back and the others try to creep up to her, but must go back to the beginning if caught moving. The Princess Wilhelmina hadn't been particularly good



The year was 1841 ...

... six days of turmoil — that was election week in Upper Canada! Voters formed in long queues to mount the "hustings" (a rough wooden platform) ... declaring aloud for all to hear, "I vote for John Smith." Often groups of hard-fisted toughs stood by, armed with cudgels to be used on those who voted the "wrong way."

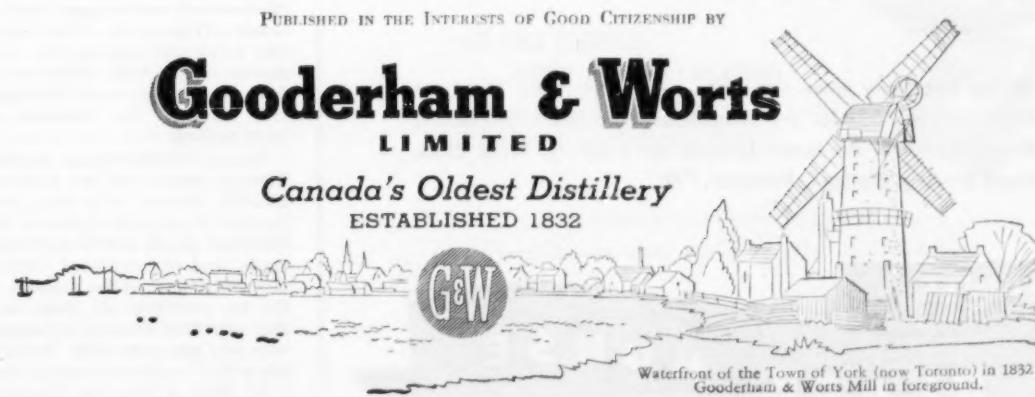
But men who kept true democracy as their objective finally won the right of a secret ballot — the right to vote *as you wish* without fear of intimidation.

When YOU cast your secret ballot at every election — municipal, provincial, federal — you exercise a duty and privilege planned, worked and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832.
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground.

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University Librarian,
McGill UniversityGREGORY CLARK
distinguished
columnist

Do You Know...

why rice
is thrown
at weddings?



Rice-throwing is a survival of ancient Oriental rites. In the East rice is a symbol of health and prosperity, and rice-throwing symbolizes the bestowal of wealth and happiness on the bridal pair.



Do You Know . . . that in Saxon times wheat and barley were scattered for brides to walk on and many believe that rice-throwing is an adaptation of this custom?



Do You Know . . . that ancient superstition has it that spirits hovered about weddings and rice was thrown to them as food in order to pacify and satisfy them?

Do You Know any interesting and unusual facts? Our "Advisory Panel" will pay \$25 for any authenticated readers' submissions if they are usable. All letters become our property. Write Black Horse Brewery, Station L, Montreal, P.Q.



Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1949

at this, and when the children tired of the game they ran out on the balcony fronting the Dam Square.

There, below, across the cobbled square and by the little park, Amsterdamers in their Sunday best were promenading. There, too, below, was an old vendor beneath a gay cluster of balloons. The three small princesses flew down the marble stairs, through the small door under the archway, beside the massive ancient iron one, and out into the crowd.

Of course they were recognized by the hundreds but no one did anything about it beyond smiling warmly at the small blond girls. After all, it was their own business if they were going to squander their allowances on balloons.

The House in the Woods

The Great Hall seemed a fine place to fly the things, and they had a marvelous time until one of the balloons escaped and weaved up, up toward the magnificent heights of the hall.

Now this is the picture I like. And you can draw whatever significance your experience dictates from it. The vast hall, that had seen such scenes as Juliana's coronation ball when 300 people, including most of the great and near great of the world, ribboned, uniformed, bejeweled, sat down to dine in the scent of 3,500 roses and the light of thousands of candles. Here, three children, their faces turned up to watch an escaped balloon ascend. Beyond, on the sunny square, hundreds of people whose day was made because three little girls had wanted balloons.

The balloon stayed there for some weeks, swaying gently in the draughts. Finally, when the next great occasion arrived, half a dozen workmen painstakingly and on special ladders captured it. A balloon has become a Dutch legend.

At the Palace on the Dam, as well as at the other royal palaces, apartments are always ready for immediate use of the royal family. These are as simple, comfortable rooms as you can make them, though naturally by custom, necessity, and because the furniture's always been there, they are regally appointed. While the Queen and her husband prefer the relative simplicity of their own arrangements in the right wing of the Soestdijk Palace, they do, and must, on occasions stay elsewhere.

For diplomatic receptions, state functions, opening of Parliament and such, they turn up at the Nordeinde Palace, in The Hague, where the Parliament sits and the embassies are located. The city is about an hour by train from Amsterdam, about the same length of time by car from Soestdijk.

But if the royal family comes to The Hague for personal reasons they stay at the Huis ten Bos, only some 15 minutes by car outside the city. It's a three-story, two-winged building amid destroyed gardens. The Germans cut the trees and dug up the lawns and flower beds to build their bunkers here. V bombs were fired off 200 metres from the palace. Six hundred windows were broken.

This is a lovely place, reminiscent of France, because of the architecture of Daniel Marot who introduced the Louis XVI style to Holland. But while there are Jacob de Wit paintings on the walls, and the cupolaed Great Hall in the centre part of the building is famed for its paintings all over the world, there's still no plumbing, and electricity was only put in in 1920. But the Dutch are going to do something about this.

In July of this year Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard will have been married 12½ years, which in Holland is the brass celebration. The sensible

Dutch people racked their brains for a suitable present and discarded the idea of a hooked rug or a silver tray. They came on their bicycles to look at the Huis ten Bos, and they saw the slender, weak hopefulness of the young trees Princess Wilhelmina had planted along the main drive as a present for her daughter. And so the Dutch, every single one of them loving the green things which grow on their sea-besieged land, had a unanimous idea. They'd give the Queen, for a present, a garden at the house in the woods. And just for good measure they decided to throw in the plumbing too.

I thought of these magnificent, historic places the morning I went to see the royal children at school. Surely, I thought, with such medieval splendor for a background the Queen must have picked something pretty dignified for her children's schooling. Did princesses have special desks, special chairs, in their classrooms, I wondered?

The school "Children's Community" is at Bilthoven, which is a suburb of Utrecht. Distances in Holland are so short that this means it's only some 15 minutes by car from Soestdijk Palace at Baarn, half an hour from Amsterdam. The cab got lost, looking for the principal's house.

We stopped at a sprawling villa with a lot of 10- and 11-year-olds running about the garden, under the wide-spreading trees. Two sturdy blond boys came to argue about the proper direction. A bevy of little girls came to stare; a child with honey-yellow hair in a blue cotton print, cardigan and matching socks seemed oddly familiar. Then she smiled and nudged a friend and I recognized from Canada, Princess Irene, now nearly 10 and lovely with gaiety. The occasional traffic streaked by on the public street beyond the unwalled garden. The little girls skirmished away.

Mr. Kaas Boake wasn't at the Werkplaats, a rambling settlement of old houses, barns, pigsties and chicken houses converted into classrooms and occupied by industrious-looking pupils. But he bicycled over from his house and took me around. He runs his school on the theory that freedom of choice, agreement instead of majority rule, and a lack of force are the basis of good life. He feels domination has become synonymous with power politics and that the fundamental problem of mankind is not who will have the power to dominate, but to learn to live together by common consent like one large family. There are 135 students, including the royal children.

A Future Queen Sweeps Floors

In a sunny room kindergarten characters were preparing for their lunch hour. They had a healthy tan, most of these small blond types, but none better than the bright golden glow on one six-year-old with that honey hair, quick laughing eyes and dancing feet, whose family resemblance was unmistakable—Her Royal Highness, the Canadian-born Princess Margriet, who was sitting cross-legged in a splash of sunlight on the floor, pulling up her socks. She wasn't paying too close attention to the story being read; she was too busy tickling the neck of the small boy next to her.

We paused en route at the house where we'd asked the way. Her Royal Highness Princess Irene was now bent over an obviously often worked-out mathematics problem, and looked relieved to take time off to say that her English was a little rusty—which it didn't appear to be—and that she was beginning to forget Canada.

"It's so long ago," said she with the wistfulness of a nine-year-old.

At the oldest building (these buildings are scattered about Bilthoven) a sewing class sat about an open doorway. Here Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrix, Heir Presumptive to the Throne of the Netherlands, was bending moodily over a rather soiled piece of embroidery she'd been working on, she admitted, for some years. "I don't like sewing much," she said with a quick slanting smile at the teacher that took away the sting. "I like painting, and particularly modeling, best." She had her mother's pure English, perhaps with a slightly more pronounced English accent.

Later, she trailed in with the rest of her class to the classroom where the monitor for the day, a dark girl, checked on her classmates' desks. Trix's hand went up with the rest at the pointed questions.

A slender boy spoke of next week's work. Then the dark girl allotted the cleaners who'd have to sweep the room, turn up the chairs, generally tidy up. One of them was the Heiress Presumptive to the Throne.

There is a story that she once tried to get away from these chores on strength of being a princess, but she didn't get very far with this project with either her classmates, her teachers, or her parents.

Another story the Dutch tell with particular relish is of the gay Irene who (this story has small variations) snatched an apple off a peddler's cart, and was made to walk home from school by her father who heard of it. She was blithely at the Palace by the time Prince Bernhard arrived with the other two schoolgirls.

"How did you get here so quickly? You didn't walk," he said.

"Hitchhiked," said Her Royal Highness.

"Back you go," said her father, and took her where he'd left her first and watched her walk home.

In ways like these the ruling house of the Netherlands turns its back on the royal prerogatives of a tradition-laden past. Here's another instance:

One day I visited the private royal archives in a big stone house set in a verdant garden. There, everything concerning the House of Orange has been painstakingly preserved. The golden pen Juliana used to sign her marriage certificate; the wooden one with which the old Queen wrote Wilhelmina when she abdicated; the wooden bicycle ridden by William III; the spade with which Juliana planted a tree at her country house when she got engaged; toys and papers and letters and plates made for hundreds of special royal occasions.

As I was leaving I said to the keepers of the family treasures:

"And the Queen comes often here and brings the children to learn the past of the family?"

"Hardly ever. Hardly at all," they said.

The Dutch show their love for their royal family and repay them for their lack of ostentation by allowing them personal freedom. The Queen may walk to her shops, the princesses may buy their balloons, Prince Bernhard may drive his car, unstared at, not followed.

The Queen's interests do not linger in past glories or triumphs but in her people—social welfare, labor conditions, and that international good will which will assure their future. To the best of her ability she will always follow this path. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

friendly with any Government; secondly, they don't want to split the anti-CCF vote.

Even at that the outcome is highly uncertain. The venerable George Black is retiring this year—he and his wife between them have represented the Yukon continuously since 1921—so a 28-year tradition will be broken. Also, the new Mackenzie Basin territory has over 9,000 population to the Yukon's 7,500, and politically it's an unknown quantity.

Another odd angle in the Yukon-Mackenzie riding: here, alone of all Canada, the Indians have a vote. The Election Act disfranchises Indians who live on reservations, except those with war service. But most of the 6,000 Indians in the new riding are hunters and trappers who wander as freely as their ancestors did, are confined to no reservations, and have been classified as eligible voters.

* * *

No matter which party wins the election the Canadian Government is headed for a headache. Canada has yet to feel the full effect of our recent losses of certain export markets.

Total export figures are still pretty good—down a little, but still the biggest in history. The catch is that the decline is not spread across the whole list, but concentrated in a few sore spots where exports have been virtually wiped out. This is particularly true of manufactured goods.

Auto sales abroad, for instance, are virtually nil, and all production is going to the home market. The sterling bloc can't spare dollars for cars. Another example is paint. One Canadian paint firm used to send a high

fraction of its output to the British West Indies. That market's gone completely.

The auto and paint plants are still operating full time, because Canadian consumers seem to want all the cars and paint they can get, but management isn't feeling too certain about the future.

There's a bright side to the business outlook, though, which the prophets of gloom tend to overlook. Our export markets may be slipping, but the Canadian domestic market is bigger and better than ever in history. Many a factory which in 1939 could only have existed on sales abroad can now operate handsomely at home.

Not long ago a Canadian textile firm opened a new plant in a Quebec town after a survey which showed enough local business not only for that one plant but for two or three competitors.

Before the war an American ball-bearing manufacturer turned down the idea of erecting a million-dollar plant in Canada. Since then two competitors have built plants in Canada—and the first company has changed its mind. All three will manufacture for the Canadian market. Too small for one plant in 1939, it now looks big enough to support three.

Press Gallery reporters in Ottawa got invitations to "hie for Halifax" during the bicentenary celebrations this summer, and noted with interest the following bit of advice:

"NO TROUBLE AT THE BORDER."

"You need no passport to come to the Bicentenary Celebrations. You may bring your car, cameras and other holiday gear duty-free, and all the money you want to bring. Each adult and child may take back \$100 worth of goods duty-free."

Nova Scotia is warming up to this Confederation idea at last. ★



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Election Campaign

Continued from page 9

know his native county as a reporter and editor. He's a director of Rotary and an active Mason. Last year he headed a committee that rebuilt the Bowmanville rink, burned 12 years before. Johnny was a good hockey player himself before the war. Now, at 38, he's still invited to present trophies and make speeches at hockey-club banquets.

Two influences drew James into politics. As an intelligence officer overseas he had a lot to do with civil government in the liberated areas, and found he enjoyed it. But the more important thing was what happened, while he was away, to his own newspaper.

When the Statesman was founded in 1878 it was violently Liberal. Later, especially after it became the only paper in town, it grew to be independent. Johnny still believes in that policy.

While he was away, though, his uncle George became converted to Progressive Conservatism. George James' best friend was Conservative candidate in 1940, and he also became a close friend of John Bracken. Today the Statesman is openly Conservative in its editorials.

Buys Space in Own Paper

By agreement between the partners George James has a free hand as editor, but Johnny remained a Liberal. More to clarify his own position than anything else, he became an active worker in the provincial campaign last year, and this year stood for nomination.

One reason the Liberals chose Johnny James on the first ballot was their hope that in getting him they'd recapture the editorial support of the Statesman. It hasn't worked out that way. The Statesman is still potently Conservative; frequently the half owner and co-publisher inserts a paid advertisement attacking the editorials of his own paper. This family feud has generated the nearest approach to personal bitterness in the Durham County campaign.

Among the candidates there is no hostility at all. "One thing I don't like about this business," Johnny James said, "I hate to be bucking Charlie." At a Progressive Conservative meeting in April, Stephenson read aloud a Liberal broadsheet extolling their new candidate. "I agree with every word of it," Stephenson said, "except the part that says the Liberals are going to win." J. D. Kenny, the Port Hope schoolteacher and a bachelor who's the candidate chosen by the CCF, is a newcomer who doesn't know either opponent personally, but his organizers tell him they are both good fellows.

However, this lack of animosity implies no lack of vigor in the Durham County campaign. The CCF has no chance here and knows it, but the two older parties are determined to win, and to use every fair means they can think of. And of all the means to victory the first and indispensable is what the politicians call "an organization."

A political organization is the machine that gets out the vote. To be efficient in a small county like Durham the organization must know every voter in the riding—not just his name, but his politics. In any close race the winner will be the party that knows exactly who its supporters are, and gets those supporters to the polls without wasting time and money transporting people who will vote the wrong way.

Durham County's Liberal organization had fallen to pieces in the four years since their last M.P., Frank Rickard, was defeated. Most of their local presidents and secretaries were older men in failing health who had done a good job in 1935, when the Grits won Durham for the first time in history, but who'd slipped a lot in the meantime. In many a township there was no record of Liberal membership, nothing to show a new executive where to look for its support. James and his chief organizer, Ted Woodyard, started last March on the delicate diplomatic task of replacing the old leadership without creating hard feelings within the party. By the first of May that part of the job had been pretty well completed.

They List and Listen

Charlie Stephenson, for whom politics is now a full-time job, had no such repair work to do. Early in May, as both parties began the real work of campaigning, Stephenson's organization was in prime shape.

The first job for each of them was enumeration. Enumerators are employed by the Federal Government. One is named for each polling subdivision.

sion in rural areas, and is paid 10 cents for each name he inscribes on his list. Urban polls have two enumerators each, paid eight cents a name. The Federal Treasury pays them, but they're chosen by the political parties. Liberals, as the party in power, choose all the rural enumerators; the urban pairs are chosen by the two parties that got most votes at the last election.

Enumerators' job for the Government is to make a correct list of the voters. Their job for the party is to bring back information. They are not missionaries—"Don't try to convert people while the other fellow is listening," one group of enumerators was warned by a local politician—but they can be very effective intelligence agents.

"Name your poll chairmen as enumerators whenever you can," a party chieftain told a meeting of candidates and organizers. "Tell every one of them to carry a notebook and jot down any odds and ends of information he may pick up—in a day's canvass he may hear enough to give you leads on a hundred voters. Those facts make all the difference on election day, when you need to know where to send your automobiles in the last hour."

Liberal associations also have the

CATECHISM FOR VOTERS

Maclean's Quiz by Earl McCarron



THERE'S political talk in the air these days and, as a Canadian citizen, you'll have the privilege of voting for the man or the party of your choice when you go to the polls. But are you familiar with things parliamentary—past and present? The following questions have been compiled to test your I.Q. on the federal political scene. If you care to count yourself in, then credit yourself with five ballots for each question correctly answered.

- 65 ballots — excellent.
- 50 ballots — good.
- Less than 40 — you lose your deposit.

1. Which four provinces joined Confederation first?
2. True or false: the June 27 election will bring with it a decrease in the number of members in the House of Commons?
3. How many judges on the Supreme Court of Canada?
4. Does Canada pay the Governor-General's salary?
5. How many different Prime Ministers has Canada had—12, 16 or 20?
6. Which Prime Minister had the shortest stay in office?
7. What is the maximum number of years a government can remain in office?
8. How many of our Prime Ministers have been of French-Canadian birth?
9. Who is the titular head of the government of Canada?
10. What is the duration of a senator's term in office?
11. Do both the Northwest Territories and Yukon have sitting members in the House of Commons?
12. A great statesman and a former Postmaster-General—he was known as Canada's "Grand Old Man."
13. Do private finance corporations hold any stock in the Bank of Canada?
14. What transcontinental project was the big issue of Confederation?
15. Newfoundland was the last province to join Confederation. What two preceded it?

Answers on page 60

job of naming a deputy returning officer, a polling clerk and a constable for each poll. None of these jobs has any significance for the party at all since the appointees are Government officials for the day, charged to see that the voting is properly conducted. However, the appointments are a small item of patronage. The deputy returning officer gets \$9 for the day's work, the poll clerk \$6 and the constable \$4; also, there is a certain element of prestige about the appointment, so the jobs are carefully distributed among the party's friends.

Formally the appointments are made by the returning officer of the riding, himself an appointee of the Government's party. The returning officer's own fees add up to about \$1,000, but the work is spread over four months and involves a lot of bother. The incumbent in Durham County, Lawrence Mason, a lawyer, is now running his third campaign, but says he'll never do it again—takes too much of his time.

Once enumeration is done the parties go to work on the lists.

Each party has an association with officers for the whole riding. There are also local associations in each town and each rural township. But the vitally important man, the combat NCO of a political army, is the poll chairman elected by the local party organization—the unsung hero whose duty it is to know his own polling subdivision like the palm of his hand.

"Never forget, elections are won and lost in the polling subdivision," said a party sachem recently in a pep talk to organizers. "Here in Durham the Liberals lost in 1945 by only 476 votes. A change of five votes in each poll and the election would have gone the other way. Maybe a good poll chairman would have known where to find those five votes."

It's How You've Lived

Durham County has 78 polling subdivisions—17 in Port Hope, 12 in Bowmanville, 49 rural. Ideally, each party would thus recruit 78 men who'd be able to recognize every name on the list (there are not more than 350 voters to each poll) and tick them off with assurance as Grit, Tory, CCF or doubtful.

It's astonishing how thoroughly a good party organization knows its territory.

"We had one old chap, he died last year, who made a hobby of knowing everybody in town—not just who he was, but *what* he was," a local president told me. "One time the hotel got a new waitress. Waitresses are important, you know—they talk to dozens of people every day—and old John couldn't rest until he found out how this girl voted. She was a good-looking wench and he didn't have the nerve to ask her himself, flat out; he went at it indirectly, asking other people to find out for him. It went through seven people in the end, but he did find out."

Once the lists have been checked (a task that's never finally done, for they're gone over many times by many people) the organization takes careful note of its own supporters, to make sure they all cast their votes. Then it goes to work on the doubtfuls.

"I doubt if half a dozen votes are changed by political meetings," Charlie Stephenson said. And a Liberal organizer was equally dubious about radio speeches: "Do too much of that and the people get bored."

Some candidates depend heavily on door-to-door canvassing—Gordon Graydon, whose campaigns are held up as a model to Progressive Conservative freshmen, likes to recall that he

pushed 7,000 doorbells in his first campaign in Peel County, west of Toronto. In Durham, however, both Stephenson and James are a bit sceptical of the door-to-door method.

"After all, I've lived here 25 years and been in Parliament for four," Stephenson said. "If they don't know me by this time they never will. It's what a man's been doing all his life that counts, not what he does in the two months before election day."

Johnny James was newer at the game, but he agreed. He met as many people as he could at the afternoon teas, the evening socials and kindred events that make up a rural campaign (both candidates were careful not to miss such local gatherings as lodge meetings and church suppers), but he didn't ring doorbells at random.

Knowing whom to canvass and whom to let alone is another mark of the good party organization. Some voters like to be solicited—"If you don't care enough about my vote to ask me for it, you won't get it." Others resent canvassing as an intrusion on their privacy.

With doubtfuls of the latter type the organization tries to be subtle. "Sometimes we can approach them through some personal friend," a party chairman said. "Also, we try to single out people who are leaders in some group or other—in a church, a labor union, any kind of organization. Then if we convert them we can usually count on their bringing in a batch of votes with them."

However, even if they make few converts, the public meetings and radio talks and general hoop-la have their role. Also the outlays for newspaper advertising, job printing, radio time, etc., are useful sweeteners of influential friends.

That brings up the question: "Where does the money come from?"

Politicians in all parties tend to be secretive about their financial arrangements. It's partly because most of them really don't know.

Broadly, though, the system is this:

Most of the funds come from headquarters of the parties in Ottawa. They are collected by eminent senior statesmen, often senators, from wealthy individuals and from companies which, for one reason or another, like to be in any government's good graces. As a rule these companies give to both major parties with approximately equal generosity.

The amounts are a deep secret, but they probably vary widely. I happen to know of one donation, from a large corporation, of \$25,000 for a provincial campaign a few years ago in another province. Federal donations, especially for such a close race as the present one, would likely run much higher.

Must Declare Expenses

A smaller fraction of each candidate's fund is collected in the riding. Both parties have friends among the solid citizens—one Port Hope chairman said he knew about 40 in his own town on whom he could call, if necessary, for \$25 to \$100 apiece.

Each candidate usually makes out a rough budget at the beginning of the campaign, and gets as much of it as he can from headquarters. Usually he underestimates his needs. If he has no money of his own he sends an SOS to headquarters for more, which he may or may not get. If he's a man of some means he often has to dig into his own pocket. One M.P. from a large city told friends that his 1945 election cost \$5,000 of his own money, on top of what he got from the party's war chest.

By law each candidate's official agent must make a public declaration of all

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election expenses. Here are the published items for the 1945 campaign in Durham County:

	Liberal	PC
Personal expenses	\$890.50	\$955.60
Postage	55.00	40.51
Hire of premises	90.00	95.00
Services	379.96	74.61
Goods and advertising	185.48	444.65
Total	\$1,600.94	\$1,610.37

The CCF candidate listed his expenses under slightly different headings: petty claims, \$6.74; hire of premises, \$27; traveling, \$2.50; advertising, \$65; total, \$101.24. The CCFers' receipts "by public subscription" were stated as \$105.31, so he apparently had a surplus of \$4.07. Liberal and Conservative candidates declared receipts "from one person only" as \$710.44 and \$654.77 respectively, so their nominal deficits ran about \$1,000 apiece.

Nobody appears to take these published accounts seriously. I don't know what the CCF really spent—their man hardly campaigned at all, and polled only 926 votes. Liberals and Progressive Conservatives both admitted that their campaign expenses were at least double the amounts they published.

Sorting out the various guarded and reluctant estimates I got from both the major parties I found the lowest guess to be \$3,000 and the highest \$5,000. Both parties seemed to agree, though, that their respective outlays were about the same.

There is no limit, under the law, to the amount any party may use for legitimate expenditures. Why, then, do they conceal at least half of their outlays? Apparently it's because some types of routine expenditure are embarrassing and others are technically illegal.

For example, neither party's accounts show any payment to its 166 scrutineers—the two agents at each poll whose duty it is to watch the voters, check the ballots, guard against impersonation or any other kind of electoral fraud. Each scrutineer puts in a long, hard day's work on election day. Some of them are unpaid volunteers and all of them, no doubt, would prefer to be regarded as such; in fact, most of them are paid an honorarium of \$5 or so for the job.

You Can't Hire Cars

A more serious problem for party accountants is the drivers who bring voters to the polls. Under the election act, section 73, anyone who hires any kind of conveyance to bring voters to the polls commits an offense. Any candidate whose agent does so might, if the offense were proven, lose his seat. That is the letter of the law.

Neither party obeys it. In the big city ridings whole fleets of taxicabs are often hired to get out the vote—it may be a "donation" by the taxi company, but it doesn't go unrequited. In smaller places like Durham the candidates do their best to borrow enough automobiles, and sometimes they succeed. But even a borrowed car needs a driver, and one party organizer privately admitted that the drivers—on both sides, he said—get \$10 or \$15 apiece for their day's work. As a nod to the letter of the law they're usually paid after the election is over.

These are technical violations of the election act and as such they have to be concealed, but there's nothing scandalous or shameful about them. In Durham County no one in either party so much as hinted that his opponents were resorting to any kind of corruption.

However, these tricks are trivial skirmishes in a political battle. The real question on which victory depends, aside from national issues, is "How much does your party do for the riding?"

Where the sitting member is a good M.P., and even Durham Liberals admit that Stephenson did a first-class job, he starts a campaign with a considerable advantage. In Durham voters don't mind too much if their member seldom speaks in the house and makes no headlines except in the home-town paper. An M.P.'s function is to help his electors, regardless of party; Stephenson has helped a lot of them.

However, the Liberal candidate retains one weapon even in defeat. He controls the patronage—that is, he advises the Government whom to pick for federal jobs. One sign of the Liberal organization's decrepitude was that until lately several such jobs went by default to outsiders. Since Johnny James took over that defect has been mended.

Some Johnny-Come-Latelies

Charlie Stephenson's right-hand man in Port Hope, Wally Vick, is a factory manager who's most unlikely ever to need any favors from Ottawa. He regards politics as a hobby which, he says, costs him about \$50 a year and a lot of his spare time, but gives him a lot of pleasure. When he first became interested, about 12 years ago, he was inclined to favor the CCF; Dr. R. P. Vivian, later M.P.P. for Durham and Minister of Health in the Drew Government, converted him to Conservatism.

Few of Durham's political figures give the impression of being particularly expert. I sat in on the organization of a women's Liberal association in Bowmanville. About 30 ladies elected a prepared slate of officers, then listened politely to a long dull speech by a Liberal from a neighboring county.

Afterward, while tea was being served, I asked the new president how she got into politics. "I don't quite know," she said. "I went to a Liberal meeting not long ago, and before I got out they elected me secretary and asked me to organize a women's group."

Durham has its share of hereditary Grits and Tories, but the active ones don't all belong to that group. Ted Woodyard, chief Liberal organizer for the county, was a member in good standing of the Progressive Conservative party until last February.

I asked him why he'd changed sides.

"Didn't like George Drew's line in federal politics," he said.

Did he think that was general?

"Works both ways," Woodyard said. "George Drew is causing more Grits to vote Tory, and more Tories to vote Grit, than anybody I ever heard of."

It did seem to be true that Drew's personality was a major factor in Durham County politics and in the tactics of all three parties.

The CCF, for example, was sharply divided on whether to run a candidate at all because the party didn't get many votes in the last federal and provincial elections in Durham. It looks as if CCF campaigning in Durham County will be half-hearted and many a CCF voter will vote Liberal to try and beat George Drew.

Among Liberals the issue often mentioned in private talk is the cocktail-bar legislation which Drew introduced as Premier of Ontario. (Durham County is split about 50-50 between wets and drys, in both older parties.) Prime Minister St. Laurent's name seldom came up; Liberals just argued "the Government's done a pretty fair

job." Of such questions as provincial rights, I didn't hear a word from anybody.

Mainly, the election in Durham County seemed to be a straight contest between Charlie Stephenson and Johnny James, two men everyone knew and liked, who were fighting without rancor for a hard and thankless job.

Stephenson wants to win because he now has no other occupation. He sold his garage business and the commercial buildings he owned in Port Hope. He hadn't the time to attend to them once he got into Parliament. He now owns a tobacco farm operated on a share-crop basis, and that's all. It cost him a financial sacrifice to go into politics in the first place, but now it's his only full-time job. Also, he suffered a personal tragedy a year ago when his wife died. He has two grown-up daughters. If he should be defeated on June 27 Stephenson won't quite know what to do with himself.

James wants to win because defeat would make his position in his newspaper even more uncomfortable than it is now. Otherwise he hasn't much to gain by victory. Ever since his nomination last March he's seen almost nothing of his two small children. His wife is loyally doing her best for him, but she hates politics—the phone ringing all day long, Johnny away until midnight or later almost every night in the week, and the prospect of six months' separation each year for the next five years. The politician's wife is the real heroine of democracy.

But people still want to go into this thankless game, and in Durham County you can understand why. It would be a very satisfying thing to represent those friendly and decent people, to be their contact with an impersonal state. It would be worth while to help them straighten out their problems and help a government to understand just what those problems are.

If Durham County represents democracy in action, then democracy is a pretty sight. ★

Answers of

Catechism for Voters

(See Quiz on page 58)

1. Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.
2. False. Present number of 245 will be increased to 255.
3. Seven.
4. Yes, £10,000 a year.
5. Only 12. Mackenzie King held office three times; MacDonald, Borden and Meighen, twice each; Mackenzie, Abbott, Thompson, Bowell, Tupper, Laurier, Bennett and St. Laurent one term each.
6. Sir Charles Tupper, whose term lasted from May 1 to July 8, 1896—69 days.
7. Five years.
8. Two—Sir Wilfred Laurier and Louis St. Laurent.
9. The King.
10. Senators are appointed for life.
11. No, only the Yukon.
12. Sir William Mulock.
13. No.
14. A railway.
15. Alberta and Saskatchewan, 1905.

Cross Country

THE DOMINION

MARGARINE became a legal but highly suspect occupant of the Canadian shopping basket after the Supreme Court killed the ban against it last winter. Here and there it can share the shelf with butter with no shame, but here's what happened coast to coast when the winter sessions of the legislatures had done with it.

Newfoundland: No restrictive laws, as per Terms of Union with Canada. In fact, margarine has a preferred position because by agreement with Ottawa it does not carry the eight per cent sales tax imposed elsewhere. Made right on the island, it sells from 34 to 39 cents a pound.

P. E. I.: No sale permitted, but grocers can and do give it away free as premiums.

Nova Scotia: Law passed to regulate margarine, but clause to restrict coloring not enforced at time of writing. Price: 39c.

New Brunswick: First draft of a bill which would have banned it entirely by prohibiting preservatives and use of skim milk in the manufacture almost slipped through but was halted by

the farmer" by revelation that one of its own mental hospitals at North Battleford had bought 4,100 pounds of margarine as soon as it became legal. Price: 40c.

Alberta: The margarine bill at first didn't mention color but that was fixed in Government caucus. Householders may color it but restaurants, if they serve it, must leave it white. Prices dropped to 36c when stores had to get rid of the illegal yellow margarine.

British Columbia: Pale yellow in color, with an enclosed wafer for tinting at home. Package must say "butter substitute." Price: 40 to 45c. Butter, at 62c, outselling it, some places by three to one. Merchants in the farm districts don't even stock it.

THE MARITIMES

While the pipes of the high-school band skirled, New Glasgow, N.S., received the latest of its long line of immigrants from Scotland — 320 heather plants from "Old" Glasgow. With due ceremony Mayor Roy Bennett and Arthur Hambleton, president of the Horticultural Society, placed the plants in Pictou County soil. There, it is hoped, the heather will thrive and spread.

* * *

Saint John has long been ashamed of Pond Street, a hangout of prostitutes and bootleggers near the railway station. So the Common Council decided to do away with it. Method? It changed the name to Station Street, now a hangout of prostitutes and bootleggers near the railway station.

THE PRAIRIES

If there ever was a day when Indians traded vast prairies for a few beads the Blood tribe of southern Alberta knows it's gone forever. They have leased 23,000 acres of their reserve south of Macleod on terms that will enrich the tribal treasury: 40 cents an acre each year for nine years; one fifth of the wheat crop in 1950 and '51 and one third of the crop thereafter. The lessees are big operators who plan to go in for large-scale mechanized farming.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Besides moths, housewives in Vancouver and the lower Fraser Valley have another enemy which will chew up wool, feathers, stuffed animals and even dog biscuits. Its name: the Varied Carpet Beetle, a broad-oval brown, black and white bug about one eighth of an inch long. It invaded the territory in 1936 and has been spreading ever since.

Prof. G. J. Spencer, a zoologist of the University of British Columbia, warned householders to keep their windows screened, to shake white clothes thoroughly before bringing them in from the clothesline and to redouble efforts to get rid of fluff in out-of-way corners. But don't let the beetles fool you, he said. When disturbed they fold their legs and play dead. ★



New Glasgow's new settler.
(See Maritimes)

public outcry. Color regulation included in bill finally passed but not enforced at time of writing. Price: 39c.

Quebec: Sale absolutely banned, although a poll showed 55% for margarine, 34% against. Housewives in western end of province pop over to Ontario to stock up, sometimes dispose of it to neighbors in private deals. Price: What the traffic will bear.

Ontario: The chief margarine-making province passed a bill to forbid manufacture, distribution or sale of any but ivory-tinted margarine. Color could be sold for home tinting—in a separate package. Two week's grace to get rid of yellow stocks was to have ended at the beginning of this month. Price: around 40c.

Manitoba: Manitoba also limits color to ivory. One clause in the act forbids advertising that shows a dairy scene or otherwise links margarine to a dairy product. Price: 37 to 39c.

Saskatchewan: Another ivory-colored province. The Government was embarrassed during the debate on its restrictive regulations "to protect

When baby is cross because of "Childhood Constipation"



... give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your baby frets and fusses . . . when she's cross because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give her Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children

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So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

CASTORIA

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Get **Castoria** today at your neighborhood drugstore. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children. Economize! Get the money-saving Family Size bottle.

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Air, Conditions Your Ride
and the Schrader way to keep your
tires plump and happy is so easy.

First. Insist on Schrader Valve Cores for replacement. Buy them in the handy box and keep them in your car. Then when a valve core is damaged you or your dealer can replace it in just about 55 seconds. Box of 5 only 45¢

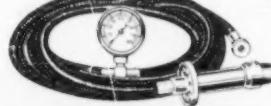
Second step is just as simple. Be sure the valve mouth is sealed tight. Keep air in—dirt out—with Schrader Valve Caps. One on every tire valve is a must for maximum mileage.

A box of five in your car so that lost caps can be replaced immediately is your "plump tire insurance" that costs just 38¢

Next step. Take ten seconds per tire to be sure. Proper tire inflation is so necessary to the safety and comfort of your ride as well as the life of your tires that you should make tire pressure checking a regular habit. And a Schrader Gauge gives such an accurate, fast, easy-to-read answer to your question—"how much pressure?"—that its low cost will repay you over and over.

\$1.81

The "unexpected" always happens. And when you are let down with a soft tire you'll be happier with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump. Easy to use, it is positive in action. Just remove one spark plug and insert pump. Perk up a soft tire in a few seconds while your engine idles and you idly too. Take the aches out of bad breaks with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump—The engine works—you don't. Complete with gauge—\$6.55



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World's Largest Manufacturer of Tire Valves,
Gauges and Accessories

WIT AND WISDOM

Sensitive—A new seismograph is said to be so delicate that it "quivers at the footsteps of an ant." Like a lemon pie at a picnic!—Ottawa Citizen.

A Kiss Is But a Kiss—A physician warns that a kiss—may contain bacillus subtilis, streptococci and staphylococci. Worse 'n that, brother, it may contain bacillus matrimonialis, or, when bestowed by one woman on another, even the dread bacillus hypocriticis.—Toronto Star.

Right Weapon—Wrong End—If a child annoys, quiet him by brushing his hair, a psychologist advises. We have no quarrel with the choice of an instrument, but we suggest that would be applying the wrong side to the wrong end of the child.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Stay Away from Politicians—A widely prevalent source of discomfort is the swallowing of air," says a medical writer. Before eating the doughnut, remove and discard the hole.—Kitchener Record.

When Is a Neck?—An illustrated article featuring what is described as the "plunging neckline" has just passed over our desk. The pictures

suggest that the stylists, if they go much farther with their exploration to determine the location of the bottom of the neck, are soon going to work themselves right off the bottom of the page. The time must be almost at hand when it will be in order to refer to a ruptured appendix as a "very bad sore throat."—Prince Albert Herald.

Green-Eyed Justice—Press report says that an all-woman jury returned a verdict of guilty in two minutes flat. Without reading the report, the office misogynist swears the accused was a ravishingly beautiful woman, exceptionally well-dressed.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Gnu Angle on Old Problem—Completing a crossword puzzle is perhaps the only way some married men can get in the last word.—Calgary Albertan.

How to Bring a Temperature Down—"Instead of carrying meals on a tray upstairs to a sick person, keep the tray on the second floor, and carry dishes and food up the steps in a basket." Simpler still, keep tray, dishes and food on the ground floor, and slide the patient down the banister.—Toronto Star.

WILFIE

By JAY WORK



"WILFIE . . . come in here this minute and bring my ironing board!"

SAFE EYE-GENE EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!



Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . . Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c, \$1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.

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Good Housekeeping
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FREE FACTS ABOUT MONEY
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THE WORLD OVER

THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD WITHIN YOU

Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Within you there is a world of unlimited power. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. Send for new, FREE, SEALED BOOK that tells how you may receive these teachings. Address: Scribe K.Z.X.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Callouses

Pain, Burning,
Tenderness
Quickly
Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning pads instantly lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Speedily remove callouses when used with the separate Medications included. Ask for Callous Zino. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
The finest
RUBBER
HEELSE
SOLES

MAILBAG**Abolish Male Teachers,
Says a Male Teacher**

About "The Little Red Sweatshop" (April 15).

Women teachers are well paid, men teachers are poorly paid. If the men persist in being bitter about it then we must, for the sake of our children, prevent men from becoming teachers . . .

Teachers' training colleges must close their doors to men for the next 10 years while present men teachers are absorbed into principalships and inspectorships. Then training colleges would admit only enough selected men to fill in the administrative gaps. Within the education profession there would be two occupations—one for men and the other for women. Impishly yours—A Man Teacher, Simcoe, Ont.

Down on Cruelty

So the commercial stampeder are running short of good buckers (Cross Country, April 15)? That can be easily remedied. Just attach a block and tackle to the end of the bucking strap and drag it a few notches tighter. That should send even the gentlest horse into a satisfactory frenzy.

If that doesn't satisfy the cash customers, then add a couple of good gory bullfights.—A. F. Davies, Victoria, B.C.

• I would like to commend you for publishing "The Sport of Death" (May 1). The so-called sport would be cruel enough if held under natural conditions, but when the birds are equipped with man-made spurs to cause the most suffering, it almost puts us back into primitive times. The police could probably stop these contests with very little difficulty if the public were sufficiently aroused.—E. P. Heywood, Victoria, B.C.

Should CBC Pass the Hat?

I have just read in "Backstage at Ottawa," Dec. 1, of the CBC's financial state endangering the good Canadian programs. There are many of us who rely on Canada for good programs. Would an appeal by the CBC for donations from listeners in the States help? I, for one, would send a few dollars to ensure my listening pleasure.

—P. S., Rochester, N.Y.

"Dangerous Sentiments"

Your editorial of April 15 ("Let's Fight Communism With Democratic Weapons") expresses one of the most dangerous sentiments that has yet had the misfortune to appear in responsible print.

Were Communism a *party*, as you state, no fault could be found with your reasoning, but Canadians must be brought to realize, both forcibly and immediately, that Communists, who are dangerously numerous in the Dominion, swear allegiance to the Kremlin and vow to overthrow the

regime in the country where they live by all methods, even to violence. There is no other word for this policy but treason.—R. H. Stokes-Rees, Commander, Toronto.

• Thank you for your April 15 editorial, "Let's Fight Communism with Democratic Weapons." It comes as a welcome change from the surging demands to outlaw something that can't be outlawed.—William L. Archer, Montreal.

Noisy Spiders

"A Kind Word for a Cannibal" (Mar. 15) is delightful . . . My son, who is 19, perfectly normal, woke me up one night and stated that he could hear a big spider walking across the floor (kind of embossed linoleum, rough



finished) and sure enough he was right. Can you top this? I have never heard an insect walking.—Alfred V. Cox, Victoria, B.C.

Down East, Mr. Cox, some ill-mannered spiders have been known to slam the door on their way in.—The Editors.

It Happened in Sturgis

I notice in Wit and Wisdom an item stating a pig in Manitoba is reported to have eaten \$65 in greenbacks—Vitoria Colonist.

I wonder if this is the pig mentioned in the North-East Review of Sturgis, Sask., Dec. 9, 1948, under the heading Sturgis Social and Personal News, stating a pig owned by Mr. Pete Smud, who lives near Sturgis, was caught sight of just as he was about to swallow the last fragment of a purse containing \$65 in bills. I personally know Mr. Smud and have heard this incident related several times.

We people of Sturgis district are justly proud of our products and it doesn't seem right to think of housewives looking for Manitoba Greenback Bacon when this product is produced in the Sturgis district of the Province of Saskatchewan Allan Sweet, Sturgis, Sask.

Guard against the dull dryness of "Summer-hair"

with the

Vitalis

"60-Second Workout"

Scorching sun and drenching water can kill the healthy lustre of your hair. This summer, keep your hair healthier, handsomer with Vitalis. Vitalis leaves your hair looking so well-groomed, so natural—not obviously slicked. Vitalis will never embarrass you with blobs of grease or streaks of whitish film. Vitalis contains only fine vegetable oil to condition your hair—to keep it soft.

**Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout".**

50 seconds to massage—10 seconds to comb. Vitalis stimulates as no non-alcoholic dressing can. It routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair. Get Vitalis today!

For men who care for their hair.

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada



The fastest dirt track

motorcycle travels

1 kilometer in 19.3 seconds

... but in only

TWO SECONDS

Aspirin
is ready to go
to work!



**Glass of
water test
shows why
Aspirin brings fast
headache relief!**

When a headache is making you miserable, use genuine ASPIRIN for fast relief.

As millions of men and women know from experience, ASPIRIN is one thing that really works . . . and works quickly. To see why, drop an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water and watch what happens. In two seconds, it will start to disintegrate. It does the same in your stomach—brings you amazingly fast relief because it's ready to go to work almost instantly!

What's more, ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that is so wonderfully gentle to the system it has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people — without ill effect. So when you buy, always ask for genuine ASPIRIN.

**Lowest Prices Ever!**

**Pocket box of 12 . . . 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29c
Family size of 100 . . . 79c**

WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE, TAKE GENUINE

ASPIRIN

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Everybody Loves THE BEAUTIFUL NEW SMITH-CORONA with exclusive *ColorSpeed* keyboard!

Already secretaries are calling it, ". . . the most beautiful of all." And it gives the most amazing performance too! The new, exclusive Smith-Corona Color Speed Keyboard heads a long list of new 1949 improvements.

Machines are ready now for immediate delivery, so phone our office now for demonstration or further information.



New Too!

Color Speed keyboard. First time on any typewriter! Modern plastic key tops, specially designed and colored for legibility and easier finger control. Don't be surprised if you type faster and with less fatigue than you ever did before.

Positive Ribbon Action. Eliminates possibility of mixing colors when a bi-chrome ribbon is used.

Touch Selector gives positive control from light to heaviest touch. New mechanism prevents loading of key tension at beginning of stroke. Important!

3-Position Bail holds in forward position . . . pushes backward against platen to smooth paper. Raises out of way when changing platens.

Automatic Margin Set. The simplest mechanism yet devised for margin setting. Single lever controls both left and right margin settings. One hand sets both stops. Easier, faster, saves time and work.

Positive Line Registration. Roll paper forward, then backward, or release ratchet—the original line registration is retained.

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Office Typewriters

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters of Canada Limited, Toronto, Ontario, also makers of famous Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators, Ribbons and Carbons.

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

ACCORDING to all reports we have read, Prime Minister St. Laurent's western tour went off smoothly, although nobody in the official party bothered telling the newspapermen about one incident during his Winnipeg visit. Among other functions the PM was guest of honor at a reception given by a group of women who had been active in civic and neighborhood welfare. The big moment came when the distinguished visitor and other dignitaries were passed along a reception line; and the second that seemed like a year occurred when the party finally reached the end of the line—a long way from the man announcing the names. The last lady patron smiled warmly on Mr. St. Laurent and declared, "I don't know who you are but I'll shake hands with you anyway!"

called over the convalescing pair next door and asked to be breathed upon in enthusiastic fashion. The pair with the chicken pox complied heartily and the plotters were happy in the sure knowledge of a holiday to come. They got it, too—about two weeks later, just as Easter vacation began.

A Parade scout in Flin Flon, Man., has reported in by bush telegraph to tell us about a stalwart Indian who had just paddled 60 miles from Pelican Narrows. The lakes were still adrift with ice, rivers swollen



and rapids riotous; all in all it was a tough trip and he had nobody with him except his 17-year-old son who, according to the father's contemptuous shrug, hadn't even pulled his own weight on the trip. "He has been away at school for eight years," explained the father. "He's got just like a white man. He doesn't know anything."

The secretary of a high civil servant in Ottawa floundered out of his office the other day, pink with indignation, and exclaiming, "That man's impossible!"

"How do you mean?" asked a clerk in the general office.

"Why, it's no use telling *him* you can't find a thing. You might just as well go and *find it!*"

During the annual spring outbreak of chicken pox in Toronto, two boys in one family we've heard of thought it most unfair that the two children next door should have a holiday from school while they themselves re-

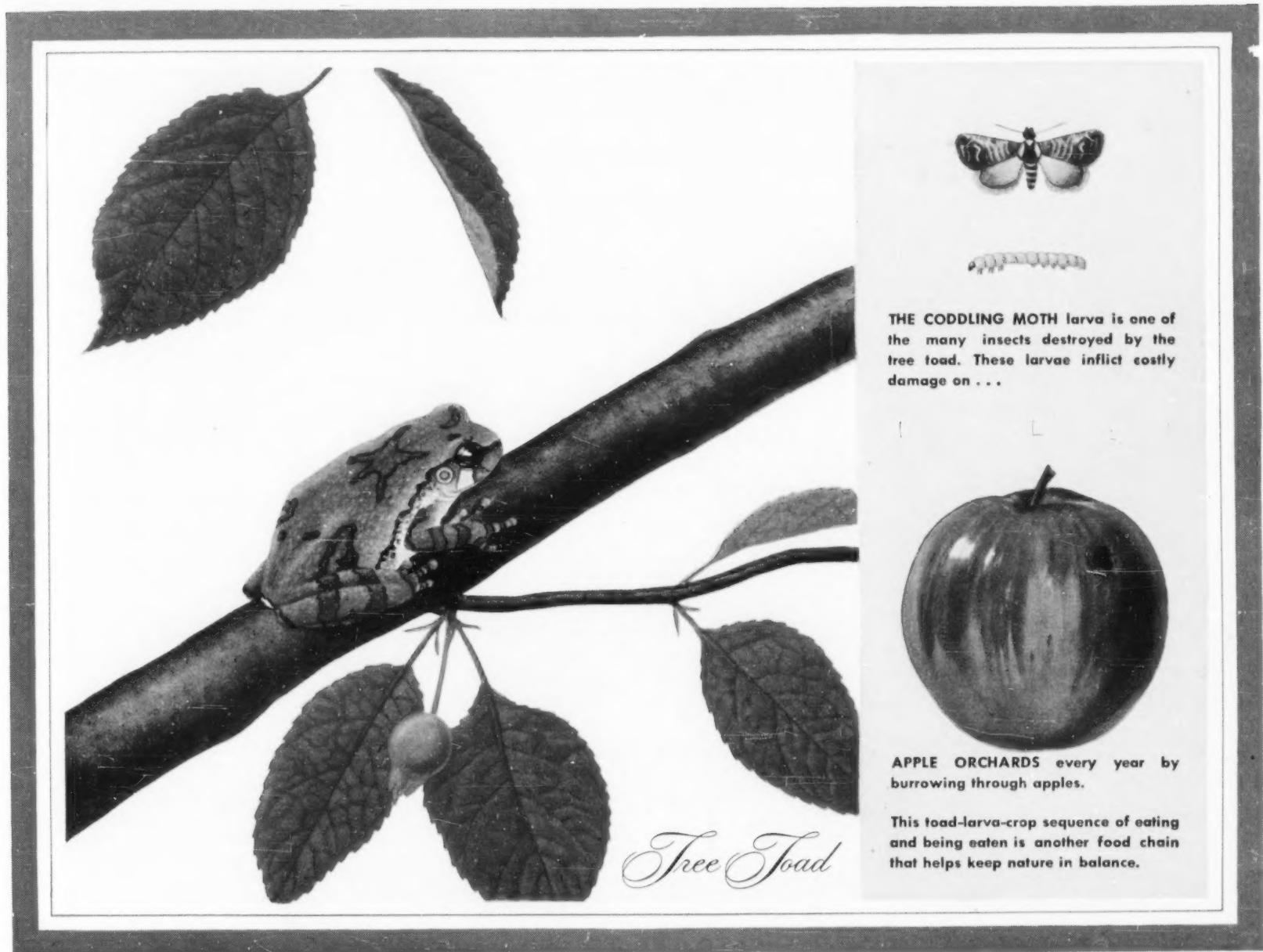


mained disgustingly healthy. Told by their mother that the disease was most likely spread through close contact, and warned to keep away from the neighbor's children, the two plotters promptly made for the wire fence separating the two yards,

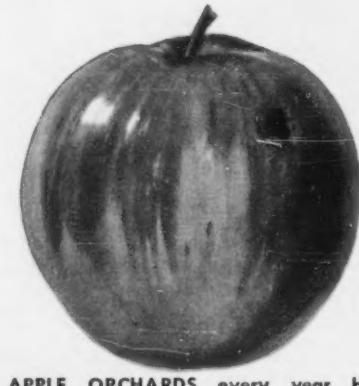
Arriving home from work one evening recently a Moose Jaw father was brought up-to-date on the day's doings by his 10-year-old son, Jimmy. It seems there had been a slight domestic contretemps between mother and a messenger boy who couldn't change her \$10 bill for a C.O.D. parcel, who was in too much of a hurry to wait until Jimmy could run to the store for change, and who flatly refused to leave the parcel without payment. Jimmy was very indignant about the whole incident, observing that the messenger had been tough, mean and unpleasant. And, confessed Jimmy, he had been driven to stick his tongue out at the messenger. "You did?" exclaimed father.

"Yes, I did," affirmed Jimmy, "but that was later on in the day."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



THE CODDLING MOTH larva is one of the many insects destroyed by the tree toad. These larvae inflict costly damage on ...



APPLE ORCHARDS every year by burrowing through apples.

This toad-larva-crop sequence of eating and being eaten is another food chain that helps keep nature in balance.

'NATURE IN BALANCE' IS *Nature Unspoiled*

WHILE THE BEAUTY and sentimental appeal of toads and frogs may be a matter of opinion, their immense economic value is unquestionable.

Farm experts estimate that a single toad is worth from \$5 to over \$19 a year. The insect pests—with their swarming millions of unborn young—eaten by toads in just one township add up to astronomical figures in a year. Toads work through the night defending crops while the insect-eating birds sleep. They should be treated with respect and their breeding places—ponds and marshes—should be protected.

With your help, toads can help weight the balance of nature in your favour.

CARLING'S
THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED
WATERLOO ONTARIO

Inviting you to *the pause that refreshes*
with ice-cold Coca-Cola in store after store after store

